THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DELAY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIVING AGE IS DUE TO A GENERAL STRIKE OF THE PRINTING TRADES IN BOSTON. SOON AFTER MAY FIRST, WE HOPE TO RESUME PUBLICATION UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS,—IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARRANGEMENTS MADE LONG BEFORE AND IFDEPENDENT OF THE STRIKE.

HAPSBURG INTRIGUES

As early as March 10th, Karl Lahm, Vienna correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung,* described at length the rapidly ripening conspiracy to restore Charles to the throne of Hungary. Emissaries of the deposed monarch have long been plotting in Budapest, Vienna, Warsaw and among disaffected elements in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. A strong party in the Warsaw foreign office, influenced by members of the old Polish nobility, is said to favor a restoration. However, Prince Sapieha, the Polish foreign minister, and Pilsudski, who were eager to settle pending controversies between Czechoslovakia and their own country, put a prompt end to this intrigue. It found little support naturally in Czechoslovakia, the nobility of that country, which might spmpathize with Charles, being completely intimidated by the existing government. In Yugo-Slavia, a clerical party among the Slovenes and Croats, would like to see the Hapsburgs restored; but these form a small minority. In Vienna, an old royalist group supported by a section of the Christian Socialist peasants is also in favor of Charles.

These propagandists seem to have plenty of money. They control important newspapers, such as the Vianna *Reichspost,* which has recently established subsidiary newspapers to champion its views. Charles is reported to be receiving large sums from Entente countries, and even from the impoverished Hungarian nobles. Rumor has it that certain people in France have advanced twenty-eight million francs, and later fifty-two million francs additional, for the Hapsburg cause. Certain English aristocrats and the young Archduke Josef Franz, who is now in Italy and an aspirant for the hand of a royal princess, are said to be aiding the movement with both money and personal services.

THE KRONSTADT REVOLT

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily Telegraph,* who reports that he has received a complete set of the publications issued by the short-lived revolutionary committee of Kronstadt, during the late anti-Moscow revolu-

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tion, says: "Their perusal fully bears out my contention that the rising was not directed so much at the Soviet system as at the shameless men who by violence and calumny have usurped power in Russia." The manifestoes protested against any single party possessing the monopoly of propaganda. It proclaimed, "The spoken and the printed word must be free; all meetings and unions must be free." Communists and their families were permitted to enjoy complete freedom in Kronstadt during the revolution. In reply to the Bolshevik charge that Kronstadt was a nest of White Guardists, the committee published a full list of its members. The hold of the committee upon Kronstadt was weakened not only by the military forces brought against it, but by thousands of ostensible deserters, who came in from the Bolshevist side for the express purpose of overthrowing the new revolutionary government.

Also the Helsingfors correspondent of the *London Times,* asserts that the Kronstadt revolution was not instigated by Tsarists or other reactionaries; but he observes: "The sailors there were more Bolshevist than the Bolsheviki. They were angered because the Moscow government attempted to impose stricter discipline upon them, and to curtail their privileges."

A NEW GERMAN TEMPER

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Journal de Geneve,* describing the temper of the people at the beginning of the Allied occupation across the Rhine and the threatened Bolshevist revolt, says that there has been a remarkable revival of national spirit among the Germans. "To be sure, the country people and the lower middle classes live from day to day, absorbed in their work and their rather coarse pleasures. But everywhere you discover a revival of the old discipline and the old spirit of organization. This spirit of organization and order has completely got the upper hand of revolutionary individualism. A new hierarchy based on wealth has taken the place of the old nobility. The people are indifferent to politics, not so much because they lack political training and civic spirit, as because they honestly think it is better to be governed by professionals. New Germany does not differ essentially from old Germany. It gives the impression of being sincerely pacifist. It has learned that imperialist militarism was a mistake and that the war makers in their haste to attain their ends merely set back Germany's progress."

Evidence of this change appears in many guises in the German press and current German literature. The revived interest in Bismarck is part of this wave of more or less spontaneous propaganda. The latter's political papers, written during his service as ambassador at Petrograd and Paris, have just been published. Another Bismarck book is due to the pen of Otto Hammen who was chief of the Press Division of the German Foreign Office from 1894-1914. This author discusses at length the efforts made by both sides to bring Germany and England closely together. He ascribes the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger to three men, at the head of whom stood Prince Hohenlohe, who were intent upon extending German control in Africa.

MUTINIES ALONG THE RHINE

THE Berlin communist paper, *Die Rote Fahne,* of March 17 prints the

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following report from Duisburg. It is quite possibly erroneous; but the fact that it has not come to our attention through ordinary news channels from Europe, does not lessen the likelihood of its veracity.

'According to current rumor, the morale of the troops in occupation much resembles that of the German army in 1918. Mutinies have broken out among both the French and the Belgians. Several small armed detachments of Belgians have deserted during the last few days, marching from Duisburg through Rheinhausen in an effort to get to Antwerp. They were encouraged to do this by rumors that a revolution had broken out there which they were anxious to support. Other Belgian detachments are under barracks arrest at Duisburg. Some French troops have mutinied as a protest against their poor quartering, since the officers have provided themselves with the most luxurious billets and have monopolized all the better houses. Some tanks and large quantities of munitions have disappeared. Although the movement appears to have been suppressed by stern military measures, the sentiment it betrays continues to exist.'

POSEN CONDITIONS

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Vossische Zeitung*, describing a recent trip to Poland from Berlin, says that traveling conditions are rapidly returning to normal, at least as far as the German frontier. Little difficulty is experienced in getting passports, and the strict customs and passport inspection formerly enforced at the border has been relaxed. Naturally prices have risen remarkably in Poland. A railway journey that formerly cost less than 80 marks, now costs 120 marks. Polish trains were unheated even during the coldest winter weather. When the correspondent reached Posen, which was formerly his home, he was appalled at the changes which had occurred during the past two years. He arrived in the night to find the station in utter darkness. The streets were dirty, the pavements out of repair, the houses unpainted, the people in rags—not the picturesque, colorful rags and dirt of the Orient, but the gray, grimy misery of the North. Not ten per cent. of the school children had shoes fit to wear. Nearly the whole male population was at this time—probably late in February—in the army. The government offices were filled mostly by women. The principal public park has been converted into a prison camp for Bolshevist war prisoners. The place is in such a horrible unsanitary condition as to be a veritable pest hole. Cholera, spotted typhus, and black smallpox—*schwarze pocken*—are ravaging the country. On the day of the writer's arrival, there were twenty-two deaths from the last named disease in Posen. There is no such thing as sanitary control or disinfection.

The writer describes sentiment among the Posen Poles as hostile to Warsaw. While he was waiting for his express train to Berlin, which was four hours late, the railway personnel at the station heaped contempt and abuse upon the Warsaw authorities, whom they blamed for the bad service. When the train finally arrived, it looked as though there might be a riot, so bitter was the local feeling against the train crew from the capital. The train was so dirty, so cluttered up with orange skins, torn paper, cigar ashes, and unmentionable filth, that the writer paid a station hand ten marks to clean out a corner of one of the compartments for him. The whole car

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was in an unsanitary condition. The passengers had expectorated everywhere. The air was nauseating. The Posen Poles who took the train were violent in their denunciation of the incompetence at Warsaw. One of the porters closed his comments 'with the approval of the spectators' as follows: 'It's time we were German again.' While such accounts as this are probably highly colored, they suggest a state of mind in Posen somewhat similar to that in Alsace Lorraine, where inevitable post war difficulties are ascribed to the change of government.

MORE REPARATIONS GOSSIP

PERTINAX, one of the most unruly of Paris journalists, has disclosed the fact that when Briand was at the London Conference, President Millerand wired him that he would officially request his resignation if he weakened on the reparation question. The Premier is said to have been furious at this executive interference, which he attributed to Millerand's desire to get personal credit for the success of France at the Conference.

The reparation question has recently been engaging anew the attention of the House of Commons, which has passed a bill providing that when German goods are imported into the United Kingdom; the importers shall pay into the British Treasury half of the value of what he buys in Germany which the government will apply to the indemnity due from that country. The German exporter is supposed to collect this difference from his own government. As *The Spectator* points out, the German government may refuse to do so, and British trade with that country will come to a standstill. *The New Statesman,* which also ridicules the plan, says: 'There is no doubt that the reparations will come out of our pockets to the extent that the German exporter can raise his prices to us.' It quotes figures to show that German manufacturers can thus increase their prices and still hold the British market. For instance, German scissors sell at 9 shillings a dozen in England as compared with 20 shillings a dozen for British scissors of the same quality. German pianos are priced at 70 pounds, British at 150 pounds. German kettles are offered at 6 pence in competition with similar British kettles costing 3 shillings 9 pence. To judge by British press comment, the government is skeptical and half-hearted in its own proposals and measures for dealing with this question.

A correspondent of the London *Outlook,* writing upon the effect of the occupation of Germany to enforce the payment of the reparation claims by the Allies, says: 'I am convinced that "the System" ruling Germany today—for it is a System, an industrial System of the most highly developed type—is resolved upon a policy of passive resistance to all and any action by the Allies. The System will conduct its passive resistance in the orthodox way with a hunger strike. Not the least ingenious part of the plan from the System's viewpoint is that not it but someone else will do the hungering.'

SCRAPPING THE LEAGUE

COMMENTING upon Viviani's visit to America, the conservative and clerical *Echo de Paris* observes that France has been discussing, ever since the beginning of the last presidential campaign, what course it should take in view of the prospective change of administration in America. It is still

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debating that question. America might conclude a separate peace with Germany. This paper would say to the United States: 'Do as you like. You are opposed particularly to the League Covenant in the Treaty. Tear out all you want to, Articles III. X. XVI. XXIII. votes, territorial guaranties, coercion, mandates! What does that matter to us? Those are but shadows, phantoms. Revise it to your taste. All we want of the League of Nations is so much as is indispensable to enforce the Treaty. The rest is indifferent. Unhappily Mr. Jusserand, our ambassador, still guards the Wilsonian legacy. He wishes to defend it in its integrity. We hope Viviani will not follow that path. . . We do not know how far our friends in the New World may be captivated with some new idea, an association of European nations, of American nations, of Asiatic nations, and the like. That does not affect us. They must not think they are doing us a favor by making any sacrifice in such directions. We are willing to consider their interests as far as possible. We have shown that already in the cable matter and in refusing to recognize the President of Mexico. Let the Americans simply reciprocate, and we shall get along all right.'

Pertinax, writing in *L'Echo de Paris* of the Hughes note, observes that the question of mandates is not likely to cause much trouble except as the latter had been defined by treaties among the Allies concluded prior to America's engaging in the War, and by their treaty with Japan in February and March 1917. The Allies cannot be asked to repudiate their signatures to this treaty any more than to the Adriatic treaty. All they can do is to specify the facts, and hope for an amicable agreement between the parties. The League of Nations question is a more difficult one from the French point of view: "Apparently we can reach a solution by letting America eliminate any articles from the treaty of Versailles, which it is unwilling to consider, and by reducing the League of Nations to a simple executive bureau for enforcing the treaty. . . . Having cleared the ground in that way with our associates in the War, we can substitute for the League "more direct and concrete accords".

The London *Spectator* complains that the nation is in bewilderment, not knowing who is the real author of a mandate or with whom the final responsibility rests. The League of Nations Covenant is rather vague on the subject; yet it is realized that the Council of the League can hardly submit its decisions in this matter to a number of different Parliaments. On the other hand, Mesopotamia and Palestine are costing the British Treasury millions of pounds. The League is not a super-state which has the power to thrust mandates upon any country. A mandatory power is a trustee, and nobody can be compelled to assume the responsible duties of a trustee against his will.

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WAR KNOWS NO LAW

BY GENERAL ERICH LUDENDORFF

From *Militar-Wochenblatt, February* 26
(BERLIN ARMY WEEKLY)

BISMARCK writes in his *Thoughts and Memories*: 'In such a struggle, when life and death are the stakes, men grasp whatever weapons are at hand and regard not what they may destroy. Their sole purpose is to win the fight, to preserve their independence. It must be left to peace to remedy and repair the damage done.' And he says elsewhere: 'I considered the war too serious and dangerous to venture leaving any stone unturned to win it; for not only our national future, but our political existence was at stake. I did not hesitate to avail myself of the aid afforded by a Hungarian insurrection, after 1866, when Napoleon interfered by his telegram of July 4; nor would I have drawn back from supporting the Italian republicans, if that had been necessary to prevent our defeat and to insure our national independence.'

General Field Marshal Von Hindenburg and I found ourselves in precisely such a situation when His Majesty the Kaiser, put us in charge of the German armies on August 29, 1916. The situation compelled us to organize a Polish army, in connection with the project of Chancelior Bethmann Hollweg and Baron Burian to erect a kingdom of Poland and to declare this intention immediately by public proclamation. Identical motives compelled me to agree with the Imperial Chancellor, when he decided to help Lenin and his comrades to pass through Germany from Switzerland to Sweden.

We already know, from the reports of the Reichstag's second investigating committee, how serious the situation was in the autumn of 1916, after Roumania had joined our enemies. Therefore, I can pass that over without discussion. When I refrained from opposing the Chancellor's plan of getting Lenin and his comrades through to Switzerland— in April or May 1917, if I may trust to my memory without documents at hand—the situation was as follows:

A revolution had broken out in Russia in March, under the protection of the Entente, and in particular of the English ambassador, Buchanan. The Tsar was dethroned by his own allies, as soon as they discovered he was eager for peace. We had reason to believe, and events confirmed our opinion later, that the new government put in office under such circumstances would not consider peace, but would try to fight the war to the end. However, the revolution had so weakened the Russian army that the German General Staff considered it feasible to shatter it by a vigorous offensive and force it to make peace. Unhappily, however, we had very inadequate forces at our disposal. At the same time, the more complete and decisive Russia's collapse, the better for us, particularly in view of the reenforcements which the Entente might receive from America. The revolution in Russia afforded us an opportunity, first to compel that country to make peace, and second to start a successful offensive in the West.

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By sending Lenin to Sweden, the Chancellor believed he could speed up the Russian revolution and greatly strengthen the peace currents already known to exist in the Russian army and nation. For the German General Staff, the main thing was to render Russia's army machine impotent as speedily as possible.

We did not know who advised the Imperial Chancellor to help Lenin reach Sweden. We assumed at headquarters that the Social Democrats had recommended it. They were at that period unfortunately very vociferous in their advocacy of peace. Up to this time, the German General Staff knew nothing whatever of Lenin, not even his name. But its assumption (as to what he could accomplish) was subsequently confirmed.

Ernst Drahn says in his book, *Underground Literature in Revolutionary Germany During the World War*: 'After Russia had put a bourgeois cabinet in power, in the spring of 1917, and the new cabinet showed no disposition to make a separate peace with Germany, we gladly welcomed the proposal of a former Bolshevist who had subsequently become a war profiteer, to ship the Bolsheviki who were living in Switzerland back to Russia.'

Albrecht Wirth writes in his *History of the Russian Empire from* 400 *B. C. to* 1920 *A. D.*: 'But Kerensky himself soon showed that he was an ardent chauvinist, and he eagerly revived the military spirit which had become almost dormant. His true name is Kornblum. . . . There is scarcely a doubt but that Kerensky was bribed by the Entente. Just at this time, Court Brockdorff-Rantzau, our ambassador at Copenhagen, had gathered about him a company of all sorts and conditions of men, as was his wont—and was openly promoting revolution (in Russia) through the agency of Parvus Helphant, an extraordinarily shrewd Eastern Jew, who chanced upon the happy thought of driving out the devil with Beelzebub or, in other words, destroying the revolution by anarchy. With this plan in his mind, he urged that Lenin and Trotsky be sent to Russia to put the Bolsheviki in power.'

I believe that the principal parties in the scheme to send the Bolsheviki back to Russia are indicated here, although some details may be inaccurate. It fell to the General Staff to provide military permits, at the instance of the Imperial Chancellor, for Lenin and his associates. In this capacity, the General Staff was merely an agent of the Government. This action implies nothing as to the opinion of the General Staff regarding the advisability of the action taken. So far as we were concerned, we were merely obeying a law of necessity, imposed upon us by the military situation.

The German attacks in the summer and autumn of 1917 shattered Russia's resistance, but peace negotiations did not begin until Lenin had seized the government. The assumptions which induced the General Staff to assent to passing the Bolsheviki through Germany were proved correct by that event. We got peace with Russia, although it was not a perfect peace; and we thus secured a free hand for our Western offensive.

We did not anticipate that this action would do any harm to Germany. I wrote in *My War Memories*: 'In sending Lenin to Russia, our government assumed a special responsibility. From the military point of view, the measure was justified. Russia must fall. It was for our government, to see we did not fall.

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So Germany acted perfectly right from the military standpoint in providing Lenin with money. A nation must fight the minds and the spirit of its enemies, at the same time that it fights them with weapons. Money is important ammunition in such a campaign. We were defeated by the millions piled upon millions which the Entente and the Americans prodigated for that purpose. The Bolsheviki later sent millions to Germany for the same object and still continue to do so. Germany took no part in the Russian March revolution. That was solely and entirely the work of the Entente,—of Russias's own allies. Germany, although that country's enemy, did not interfere until after Russia had already fallen a victim to revolution,—until its Tsar was dethroned, and still it persisted in refusing peace.

Let me in conclusion refer again to the quotation from Bismarck with which I began my article. Bismarck's clairvoyant vision and masterly grasp of facts enabled him to comprehend the imperative necessities of war. The military problems he dealt with were not so difficult as those with which the World War confronted us. Most Germans have so little military intelligence that they cannot comprehend the full import of this truth.

GUESSING AMERICA

BY J. O. P. BLAND

From *The National Review*, April
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

THERE was a time, many years ago, when, as a casual student of manners and customs in the United States, I was content to find in the sphere of economics an explanation for most of the facts and phenomena peculiar to the social and political conditions of 'God's own country.' In particular it seemed to me that the unchallenged supremacy of woman, her privileged position in the social scheme and the malleable meekness (I speak collectively) displayed by mere man in her august presence, must be a direct result and legacy of the days in which, *rarae nantes in gurgite vasto,* women dominated their environment simply because of their limited numbers and man's keen competition for their favour. With the eye of speculation I saw the average American man, especially in the Western States, a direct, though somewhat perplexed, descendant of Bret Harte's compulsory celibates, of those big-fisted, big-hearted prospectors, who slew and were slain so cheerfully for the sake of the angel child, and whose picturesque idealism insisted upon placing every woman upon a marble pedestal, either of goodness or of greatness, and keeping her there. In those days it seemed only natural and reasonable to assume that the curious difference between the attitude which the Nordic race has adopted towards womankind in North America and that which it displays in its European habitats was only a natural and temporary result of the law of supply and demand. Observation of the human comedy in many parts of the world had led me to the conclusion that, where either sex finds itself greatly

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in demand, it is likely to put a fancy value on itself and to maintain it as long as possible. In Paraguay, for example, where there are seven women to one man, the fair sex neither expects nor receives the same docile deference which woman exacts in Tibet, where the numerical proportions are reversed. And these things being so, I was content, at least until recently, to regard the peculiar ascendancy of woman in the United States, and many of the social and political consequences of that ascendancy, as due to the fact that, for several generations, she had enjoyed the prestige and cumulative benefits of a small supply and a keen demand.

But acceptance of this solution of the matter involves the inference that, as the country has rapidly filled up and something nearer to equality has been attained in the respective numbers of the sexes, one might expect to observe some indication of a swing of the pendulum; we might expect, shall we say, a less insistent feminism in the social, political and humanitarian activities so conspicuously manifested in America; a gradual modification of the atmosphere of vague sentimentality in which logic can hardly breathe. But no one who has visited and studied the cities of men in the States during the reign of President Wilson, or who has followed, even from afar, the makings of the Prohibition Law and other recent manifestations of moral uplift, is likely to deny that the hand that rocks the cradle rocks everything else in sight. It certainly makes itself felt more masterfully to-day than ever before, as a guiding force in all the social activities of the nation and in the counsels of its lawgivers and alleged rulers. The female of the species is not only much more lovely than the male, but she is more eager and alert, her range of vision and activities more commanding: there is more speculation in her eye, a swifter resolution in her voice; her pride of place, far from being challenged has been by common consent exalted; and it would seem that, having now made up her mind to claim and exercise the vote, the world, within the limits of her ambition, is hers to rule. To seek an explanation of this supremacy in the realm of economics is no longer possible; we must look elsewhere.

Last year I had occasion to revisit the United States and to observe some of the latest changes brought about by the country's stupendous growth, and also by the reactions of the Great War. From San Francisco to New York, as an earnest student of sociology, I walked and talked with all sorts and conditions of men saw every kind of public entertainment and read newspapers of every creed and colour. Ten years had elapsed since my last visit, when, as a lecturer at Lowell Institute and other centres of intellectual activity I had timidly observed the might, majesty and dominion of woman, as compared with man, in the realms of art, literature, music and the higher culture. I had seen professors, whose names are household words throughout the seven seas, kings of commerce and captains of industry, subside into silence and insignificance in the presence of their wives, sisters and mothers-in-law. I had noted that the most conspicuous activities of statesmen philanthropists and men accounted wise in their own generation were dominated and controlled at every point of their emergence into public life by an obviously feminine conception of morality and utility. I had often wondered at the way in which many men, authoritative by nature and by virtue of achievement, would, in

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their home circle, instinctively divest themselves, so to speak, of the attributes of a self-governing State, and, obliterating their individuality, sink quietly into the background of their vivacious and highly cultured females. I had wondered the more because, although this feature of American life affords much food for cogitation to those concerned (*vide* that sensitive barometer, the comic press), it is one concerning which American men, as a rule, are curiously reticent. In the seclusion of the smoke-room they may generalize on its broader aspects (such as the effect of woman suffrage on State legislation), but you seldom hear a frank or philosophical discussion of woman's place in the social and domestic sphere. 'Talk not of halters,' said Sancho Panza, 'in the house of the hanged.' The prescribed and accepted conception of male chivalry would seem to involve tacit acceptance of an essentially feminine code of manners and morals; of art, literature and politics, saturated with somewhat sloppy sentimentalism; and of a shamefaced, puritanical suppression or evasion of the realities in regard to the relations of the sexes. In compliance with this feminine code, man has been taught to walk delicately and at a respectful distance behind the superior being of his own creation, to conform to artificial, and sometimes impossible, canons and conventions, and cheerfully to accept a social status based on the admission of cultural inferiority.

Few will deny, I think, that for social purposes, intellectual and artistic culture is an honest exclusive feminine monopoly in the United States, or that the peculiar manifestations of vague idealism and uplift, which we have come to associate with American political pronouncements, derive their inspiration from that culture. Even before the war, before the American woman had descended into the political arena, nobody whose business or pleasure took him amongst the educated classes could fail to be impressed by the fact that, while conversation amongst men was generally confined to business, politics and sport, woman's range habitually included all things in heaven and earth, and left her seeking for new worlds to conquer. In her zeal for culture she was like a brilliant humming-bird, hovering and darting about the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; she had developed the lecture habit to an extent which threatened to defeat its object. Compared to her, man was even as a mole mated to a squirrel; the Press reflected not only her multitudinous activities but their bewildering effect upon society. Man, as depicted in current literature, served merely as a foil for her scintillant brilliance; he was honest, eternally hard-working, splendidly loyal, a very Galahad, but undeniably dull. Broadly speaking, it was only as a member of the criminal classes that he could ever hope to emerge with an individuality undisturbed by the voice of Egeria in the background. Moreover, this social and intellectual ascendancy of woman was widely reflected in a professed code of public and private morals, underlying which is the assumption that human nature in "God's own country" is very different from that which still exists in other and less fortunate lands.

Travelling in the States last year, I had time and occasion to ponder over these things, to note many recent developments of their peculiar manifestations and to contrast the prevailing optimism of idealism in high places with the raw facts of real life. Prohibition, with all its violent actions and

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reactions, was only one of these. Very curious were some of the results of the vigilance exercised, under accepted conventions of sexual purity, over the private lives of freeborn citizens, a phenomenon the more remarkable because of the grim realities of the underworld in cities like New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

To cite a few instances which came under my notice. At a hotel in Chicago a man and his wife were compelled to leave in the middle of the night on the evidence of a Vigilance Society sleuth, who had overheard the husband address the lady as "sweetheart." His unromantic opinion of the conjugal relationship on this occasion cost the hotel $9,000. In another case which occurred at about the same time in one of the most fashionable hotels in New York, a clergyman, with his wife, mother-in-law and three children, was summarily ejected at 2 a.m. because of a similar blunder on the part of the detectives. Between the Charybdis of unremunerative respectability and the Scylla of scandal, hotel-keepers have a difficult course to steer; the fact was demonstrated by their uniting in New York last year in an offensive and defensive resolution, whereby the hospitality of their premises was virtuously denied to female vampires, adventuresses and persons seeking divorce. Then there was the famous Cammetti case, in which an individual escapading by motor-car in company with a woman from one State to another was prosecuted and convicted under the law originally framed to check the White Slave traffic which prohibits the 'transporting of a woman for immoral purposes.' As a direct result of this case, a regular business of espionage and blackmailing has developed at many fashionable resorts. It may safely be said, I think, that the autocratic activities of the 'unco guid' have produced, like Prohibition, an elaborate machinery of subterranean subterfuges and evasions, subversive on the whole of public morality. The New England conscience and the ascetic soul of spinsterhood may derive satisfaction from these activities, but from the national point of view their consequences are often as harmful as they are unpleasant. And this must be so, as long as the inspiration behind them is one-sidedly feminist.

The thing is inevitable. Every function of public life must be more and more impressed with the characteristic feature of the feminine, as distinct from the masculine, mind, so long as the expression of the ideal energies—art, education and religion—and their manifestations in the public consciousness continue to be controlled by women for women. As Munsterberg put it, in his solemn German way, "The result is an effemination of the higher culture, which is antagonistic to the development of a really representative national civilization, and which is not less unsound and one-sided than the opposite extreme of certain Oriental nations, where the whole culture is man's work and the woman a slave in a harem."

Of many significant manifestations of this anomalous state of affairs, one which impressed itself most forcibly upon my own observation was the fact that, while the exponents and guardians of morality exhort the youth of the nation, in public and in private, to "lead a clean vigorous life and not to worry about sex matters," there is no country in the world in which the idea of sex is more persistently and prominently brought before that youth in the Press, in current literature, at the theatre and, above all, in the slushy sentimentalism of the cinema. In

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many railway trains of the Eastern States I saw notices posted in conspicuous places proclaiming "War declared by the Government against venereal disease," in which young men were urged to "forget" the strongest of nature's elemental instincts; but in those same trains nearly every newspaper and magazine with which the young man beguiled the passing hour was of a nature to stimulate the sexual instinct and to stir the imagination of St. Anthony himself. From the advertisements to the police and divorce news, these publications which, with the cinema, provide the spiritual food of the masses reflect an artificial standard of manners and morals which has obviously no relation to actualities: on the one hand, they do everything to emphasize sex matters; on the other, they utter the shibboleths of a social code which professes to ignore them.

On a certain Sunday afternoon last March I found myself one of a crowd of transients in the lounge of the La Salle Hotel at Chicago, watching the human comedy and endeavouring to extract from the monster editions of the local Press some clue to the *Zeitgeist* underlying these phenomena. For an observer, mine was a coign of vantage, for half the inhabitants of the city seemed to have urgent business or pleasure appointments at the spot, and the tide of life flowed past me, with much strange flotsam and jetsam. But it was the Sunday papers rather than the passing players of the eternal comedy which, during these hours of desultory meditation, first suggested a possible solution of the riddle that I found so puzzling. I offer it here tentatively, in all humility and benevolence, for what it may be worth.

The first paper which I opened was one of the many illustrated sections of the *Herald and Examiner*. Kind reader, please note that I had just come from Boston, that my mind was still tingling with the contagious idealism, and my eyes still dazzled with the visions, of Egeria's headquarters, and that I was therefore somewhat unprepared for the sudden shock of these Sunday papers. On the outside page of this section was a picture purporting to illustrate an article by Elinor Glyn, entitled "My Secrets of Love." *Passons outre*. Then there was an article on "pre-natal influences" under the heading "Can a Baby be 'Marked' by its Mother's Fright?" followed by a two-page discussion of the burning question "How Amanda C. Thomas, chorus girl, twice married and twice divorced, won the affections of the old millionaire, President Shonts." Then came a "real life domestic triangle tragedy," suitably illustrated, headed "Did Grace La Rue 'Vamp' Mrs. Hale Hamilton's Husband?" And on the back page was a soap advertisement, with a large coloured picture entitled "The Skin you Love to Touch," and telling people how to grow it.

Then came the editorial section, dealing with "Society, Fashions, Books and Art." On its first page was an article entitled "Ruskin, Love and Women," with a picture "by the brilliant artist, Nell Brinkley, illustrating one kind of American boy-and-girl affection. It is the the best kind, probably, the young man considering himself utterly unworthy of the Being of Light and Beauty so far above him." The lady in the picture was arrayed in what looked like a tight-fitting ball-gown, neat white-satin shoes, a large halo, two full-sized wings and a seraphic expression. She stood on a pedes-

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tal, before which the young man worshipped with bowed head. Concerning which the Editor, *more suo,* observes: "Ruskin's attitude towards women will attract the attention of young Americans, thanks to Miss Brinkley's picture. It represents the idea of respectful affection. Observe the young man's humble attitude."

Need I go on? I think not. I waded through several of these Sunday papers, all of which seemed to exhale the same unwholesome atmosphere. But in the end I chanced upon a pictorial advertisement which seemed to me extraordinarily significant for the sociologist. It represented a conjugal fireside *tete-a-tete,* Monsieur smoking and Madame at her needlework. The young husband is just stretching out his hand to the cigar-box by his side, when his wife stops him saying, "Not to-night, dear. Take XYZ's chewing-gum. It purifies the evening kiss."

I think it was at this point, somewhat dazed but still feebly seeking some natural explanation of all these signs and portents, that there came to my recollection the wise words of the philosopher who said, "What you put into the school you get out of the State." Whereupon, amidst the murky darkness of these perplexities, there flashed a gleam of light. Of a sudden I remembered that, in "God's own country," the primary schools have for many years been entirely in the hands of women teachers, and that in the high schools they constitute an overwhelming majority. Then, in my mind's eye, I saw the male youth of the United States being led in the way it should go, from childhood to the very portals of manhood, by women, and most of these unmarried. And in that vision I found a possible explanation of the artificial development of woman's intellectual and social superiority over man in the land of the brave and the free. Herein, it seems to me, lies the only rational interpretation of the fact that the idea of woman has come to be instinctively, unconsciously associated in the mind of the American man with the idea of superior wisdom and incontestable authority.

Humboldt was right, no doubt; and the Jesuits also are wise, who say, "Give us the child's mind to train during its formative period and we care not what you do with him afterwards; he is ours." And so, if the the young American idea, during the whole period of its receptive development, is taught to shoot by and for women; if all its earliest, and keenest impressions are dominated by the gentle but very firm figure of Her who Must be Obeyed; it is matter for wonder if the resultant Man continues all his days to walk humbly before one whom he has learnt to reverence and to fear? Is it strange if, for the sake of her white spinster soul, he chivalrously assumes virtues to which his real Adam can lay no valid claim? Is it any wonder if he consents, and even expects, to be treated as a child (naughty or good, as the case may be), to be patronized and supervised in all his goings out and comings in, to be admonished and chastened through life, keeping a wistful eye all the while on the back-door fence and the trail to the woods, where no squaw rules the wigwam? If the hand that rocks the cradle does all that they say, is it not equally certain that the hand that spanks the child (be it a spank of the body or the soul) will appeal to the Man's imagination to the end of his days? Will he not walk, so to speak, continually under the shadow and menace of that spank? And if the hand of the spanker be a spinster hand, will it not impress upon

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the young idea, and the Man who grows out of it, much of the spinster's moral and physical nervousness—her sentimentality and sensitive avoidance of realities?

In the light thus vouchsafed, I seem to descry behind many of the facts and phenomena peculiar to American civilization the shadow of the "schoolmarm," quietly but firmly imposing her individuality and her authority upon the mind of the nation; a benign and intelligent being, no doubt, but, as an educative influence, suffering from the obvious limitations and defects of her femininity. I see her form looming large behind the historic figures of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at Versailles; I hear her accents in the Fourteen Points. I detect her feverish inspiration in that national disposition or disorder which Bairnsfather's "Old Bill' has defined as a "rush of ritchiousness to the head." I see her shadow as that of a godmother, authoritative but irresponsible, at the christening of the League of Nations; I see her (chewing gum) in the Anti-Saloon League and the counsel chambers of Prohibition. I discern her clearly behind all the political panaceas and moral crusades to which America has given a local habitation and a name. Very vigilant she looms behind the activities of Purity Leagues, a gigantic Mrs. Grundy. I detect distinct echoes of her admonitory tones in the winged words of statesmen and philanthropists, in the pious platitudes of Mr. Bryan, yes, even in the boisterous bellows of Borah. I seem to catch a glimpse of her pale but determined expression in the features of the Statue of Liberty.

But there is another side to the picture. I discern the same shadow, only more furtive and insidious, behind many of the less reputable aspects of life in the world's greatest Democracy; I conceive it to be responsible for the prevalent acceptance of unwholesome reticences and suppressions, for the decorous draping of piano legs and the wholesale whitening of sepulchres. In the popular worship of the Tiger of Tammany and in the meretricious glare of the Great White Way, in the realities of life as it is lived in New York, Chicago and other great cities; in the sharp contrasts clearly discernible between the profession and performance of the current code of public morality, I perceive evidence of instinctive reactions against the excessive assertion of her authority.

No doubt I shall be told, and possibly with some warmth, that all this is pure moonshine and mirage; that the premises of my argument are false and its conclusions foolish; that there is no undue influence of feminism in "God's own country," or alternatively, that it is purely beneficent. I am no dogmatist. There may be flaws, of course, in the theory which I have ventured to suggest in order to account for those peculiar characteristics that, say what you will, differentiate men and affairs in America from their counterparts in other civilized countries. Nevertheless, as a theory it is fundamentally scientific, and it seems on the face of it to square with the facts.

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HARDING AND GERMANY

BY COUNT BERNSTORFF

From *Die Hilfe, March* 15

(BERLIN EVANGELICAL LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

SINCE President Harding's inauguration, the eyes of the world have been turned toward the United States. The London negotiations show that old Europe is still too much fettered by its war passions to solve its pressing problems. The alpha and omega of public policy today is to put in practice the idea that the whole globe has become an indivisible economic unit. Until this is understood, reconstruction is impossible.

Since Europe remains blind to this vital truth, its salvation must come from without. People ask whether the United States may not be the country called to guide civilization back to health. Therefore, it is all important for us Germans to understand intelligently American political currents and thought processes. Democracy in the United States has hit upon the device of placing almost unlimited authority in the hands of a single man for a limited period, and making his re-election depend on his retaining public confidence. The people thus erect a sort of revocable autocracy, combining the advantages of a monarchy with those of a republic. This system, which has grown up naturally in the course of history, does not agree with the German idea of democracy; and so our people fancy the United States does not have a true democratic government, because the power of the President greatly exceeds that of Congress. We Europeans have grown up in the tradition that all authority ought to rest in the hands of a parliament elected directly by the people. However, the politics of a nation cannot be run by hard and fast formulas. A country's institutions are the outgrowth of its history. In the United States, Congress is not the only representative of the people. The Americans at the outset entrusted their sovereign authority to several powers, independent of each other. They regard their President as a direct representative of the people. Indeed, so peculiarly is he their representative that when a conflict arises between the President and Congress, the citizens more frequently side with the President, and force Congress to yield to his views.

To say the least, the President is rather an executor of the people's will than a leader of the people. We Germans are apt to overlook this fact, because we do not attach as much importance to public opinion in our country as men do in the United States. The President must always 'keep his ear on the ground', in order to carry out the will of the people. When a President loses touch with public opinion at home, the way Wilson did in Versailles, his power vanishes. Moreover, the President is ordinarily regarded a truer representative of the people than the Senators and the members of the House of Representatives, because he is less controlled by the party machine and similar influences. This explains why the presidents have

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for the last twenty years espoused more progressive social policies and more democratic political measures than has Congress.

At the last election the Republicans won a sweeping victory, because the Democrats were handicapped by the discredit into which President Wilson had fallen, and because the Republicans were able to prevent a split in their own ranks. It is true that the radical wing of their party was not entirely pleased with Harding's nomination, but the party presented a solid front at the ballot boxes. It was able to do this because the principal issue was America's foreign policy, particularly the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. If the world settles down during the coming four years to peace and quiet, the next presidential election will be fought between the Conservatives and the Progressives or Radicals; for the conflict between them has merely been postponed by the war and its after effects.

So the election has left domestic questions unsettled, but has settled foreign policy. Until that decision was made, the United States was divided into two camps. One party advocated political isolation, and accepted Washington's teaching as its highest creed; the other party wished to promote commercial and other business alliances with the whole world. This controversy explains in a degree Wilson's policy and its ultimate failure. America's growing network of business interest convinced Wilson that the country's political isolation was no longer practicable. Since public opinion was averse to mixing in the European War, Wilson tried to reconcile business interest and popular sentiment by a "peace without victory". He thought that he might thus secure freedom of the seas and foster foreign trade, and simultaneously erect a League of Nations to bring about general disarmament and settle controversies by negotiation instead of by force. This conscious departure from America's policy of isolation failed on account of our starting an unrestricted U-boat-campaign. The United States declared war, and thereby sacrificed completely its political isolation. Wilson won the war for the Entente, and might thereby have put his policy into effect and have become the arbiter of the world, if he had been intellectually and morally big enough for the task. To the misfortune of the whole world, he proved wanting. Wilson committed the initial blunder of going personally to Versailles, where he lost touch with public opinion in America and fell under the influence of European statesmen far abler than he: Driven into a corner, he made concession after concession to the imperialists in order to get his League of Nations, which he imagined would remedy all his failures. But even the League, which Wilson brought home as the only fruit of victory, satisfied no one, because the statesmen of the Entente converted it into a tool to carry out the selfish designs of the victors. As a consequence, the dogma of political isolation recovered its former prestige in the United States. The Senate refused to ratify the Treaty, by attaching conditions which Wilson would not accept. The Senate's reservations were a reassertion of America's political isolation. In particular, that body would tolerate no impairment of the sovereignty of the United States, such as the League covenant demanded of its members without giving them compensating advantages. It was too great a violation of America's inherited traditions to assume mandates over remote parts of the earth, and to

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promise to enforce peace by remote military expeditions. The Republican party wished to end the war by a simple resolution of Congress, a method endorsed by the country's traditions. The people of America have always shown a dislike of tying themselves up by treaties, as we Germans have learned in our commercial negotiations with them.

Very recently indications have appeared of another reversal of sentiment in the United States, due to the fact that the League of Nations ideal has many sentimental supporters in that country, and to the growing conviction that America's business interests are seriously imperiled by the continued uncertainty in Europe. The country is passing through a serious business crisis. Its sea ports are congested with merchandise which can find no foreign market. It is deluged with raw materials and manufactures for whom no customers can be found, because impoverished Europe can not pay for American goods, and because Europe's cheap money serves as an export premium upon the products of its own industry.

I wish urgently to warn my people against ascribing political changes in the United States to pro-Germanism. The words 'pro-German' and 'anti-German' are badly overworked. Foreign nations and statesmen are not governed by sentimental likes and dislikes, but only by national interests. Our own policy toward America must be based upon an intelligent appraisal of the actual interests involved. Our diplomatic success or failure will depend upon whether we appraise these interests truly or falsely.

What I have said should make it clear that we have practically nothing to expect from political changes in the United States. If we base hopes upon such changes, we shall meet again with the same disappointment which we had in the case of Wilson. The Americans do not take the slightest interest in our political affairs, but only in our business recovery and in conditions which appeal to their humanitarian sentiment. But the great problems which the London Conference left unanswered are mostly business problems. For this reason, we are entitled to hope that the American people may be moved by their own interests—and not by either friendly or hostile feelings toward ourselves—eventually to take the leadership in measures for reestablishing the world's business prosperity. Nothing is more futile than political prophecy. It is always possible that Mexico or Japan or some other center of interest will absorb America's attention and push Europe completely into the background. Nevertheless, we ought to make it as easy as possible for the Americans to take charge of the world's general restoration. My own opinion is that we can accomplish most in this direction by keeping up a stout heart and resolutely refusing to be dictated to by the Entente. That is most likely to impress upon the public mind of the United States the obvious truth that the business recovery of the world depends upon treating the world's business as a unit. That kind of treatment can be achieved only through negotiations which end in a joint agreement, and not in an attempt of one party to dictate by force to another. We ought never to put our names to a document which engages us to do things we cannot do. On the other hand, we should always manifest our readiness to fulfill the obligations we have already assumed, to the limits of our power. I see no road of escape from the present *impasse*.

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ROUMANIA ENTERS THE WAR

From *Le Temps, March* 3

(PARIS SEMI-OFFICIAL CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

[Adeverul, a leading Bucharest daily, publishes the following memoranda made by a gentleman present at the Crown Council of August 14, 1916, *presided over by King Ferdinand, when Roumania decided to enter the war on the side of the Allies. King Ferdinand of Roumania is of German blood, and a member of a collateral branch of the Hohenzollern family.]*

THE Council met at the Cotroceni Palace. Those present were the members of the Bratiano cabinet, the speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, Michel Pherekyde; the vice-president of the Senate, C. F. Robesco; the former premiers, Peter Carp, Theodore Rosetti, and Titus Majoresco, and the Parliamentary leaders of the political parties, Nicolas Filipesco, Take Jonesco, and Alexander Marghiloman.

The King was visibly affected, and sought first of all to meet the opposition he anticipated from Carp, Majoresco, and Marghiloman. He opened the meeting by stating that he had convened the head men of the country to ask, not their advice—for his decision was made—but their assistance. The situation was such that neutrality was no longer possible. The war was going in favor of the Entente. In any case, since Roumania had to make a choice, it could only ally itself with the Entente against the Central Powers. The King added that he had had to master his personal grief at such a decision. He had conquered his sympathies, and this victory over himself was the best proof possible that he had made his choice for the welfare of Roumania. Knowing how supremely important perfect harmony was in such a crisis, he asked all the men of political influence in the country to stand by him as good Roumanians. Looking fixedly at Mr. Carp, he said: 'I beg you for your support.'

Bratiano spoke next. Roumania could not remain neutral in a war which was to determine the fate of the world. It must seize the opportunity to attain national unity. Such an opportunity would never present itself again. Italy's refusal to join the Central Powers in the war left Roumania complete liberty of action. Furthermore, both the government, and he personally, had already made engagements which they could not repudiate. The whole nation, and the Roumanian population beyond their borders, were waiting impatiently for the government to speak.

Take Jonesco said that he appreciated fully, how hard it must have been for the King to make such a decision, but he assured him that he would be rewarded for it by the love and loyalty of a united Roumanian people. His party rejoiced at seeing the step taken which it had already urged for two years, and would give the King and government its undivided and unconditional support.

Marghiloman expressed his regret at the government's decision. No one knew what the outcome of the war would be. He was informed that Hindenburg was preparing a great offensive against the Russians, and it would be better to await its results be-

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fore making a decision. The people did not want war, and the Roumanians in Hungary did not wish to unite with Roumania. What he personally feared most was that the Russians would seize Constantinople. That would strangle Roumania and mean the death of the kingdom. If that disaster were inevitable, at least we should not help precipitate it.

The King interrupted Marghiloman: 'Assuming that the Russians actually do take Constantinople, which would be better for us, to be their friends or their enemies?' Marghiloman, obviously deeply perturbed, make no reply to the King's question, but promised to remain passive. He could not cooperate actively in the present policy.

Nicolas Filipesco said that the action of the government was the logical outcome of the first agreement with Russia, in September, 1914. Marghiloman approved that arrangement at the time it was made. He added: 'I do not like these recantations. I insist that my party had the honor to initiate this policy, that it supports it wholeheartedly, and that it repudiates those members who have stood in the way of its action.'

Marghiloman made no response to this rough attack by Filipesco.

Peter Carp spoke next. He expressed himself with a passionate vehemence, which contrasted strongly with his advanced years. All that Bratiano said was secondary. What interested him was to know, not who would win the war, but whom our honor engaged us to join, even though we were to be defeated. What Bratiano said of the Hungarians and Bulgars amounted to nothing. The war would end either with the German masters of Eastern Europe or with the Russian masters. If the latter occurred, Roumania was doomed; for its road to Constantinople was thereby blocked for all time. The interest of the throne itself was opposed irrevocably to Russian success; for were Russia victorious, it would not permit a foreign dynasty, above all a king of German blood, to rule Roumania. It would set up a Slav monarch. This consideration alone should have made the King oppose the present policy and remain loyal to Germany. He, Carp, realized that the die was cast ,and that the flatterers about the throne had won the day. As for himself, he would never support a policy which meant the ruin of Roumania. His three sons would fight for their country; but he personally would pray God that our army might be defeated; for only thus could Roumania be saved; otherwise, the country was doomed.

The King replied that he entertained the highest respect for all the opinions submitted, but that the concluding words of Mr. Carp could only be attributed to his momentary excitement. They did not come from his heart. He personally could not separate the interests of his Royal House from the interests of the country. The Royal House is no longer German. It is Roumanian.

Carp replied that it was only after long meditation that he had come to wish for the defeat of the Roumanian army; for that was the only way to save Roumania.

Bratiano asserted that Mr. Carp's words astounded him and all present; that if they did come from his heart, he ought to take his sons out of the army.

Titus Majoresco inquired whether the government had formally committed itself and whether it could not withdraw from its engagements.

Bratiano replied that the country

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and he had committed themselves, and could not withdraw. He outlined the territorial concessions he had secured from the Allies and the privilege of Roumania to take part in the Peace Conference on an equal footing with the other Allies. He had postponed entering the war as long as possible. But he saw now that if he waited longer, the Allies were going to start negotiations with the Hungarians, and under such conditions, he could not delay further.

Majoresco asserted that the Roumanians of Hungary did not wish to become incorporated in Roumania, but preferred to stay under the Hapsburgs, and to depend upon the Germans to protect them against the Hungarians. Bratiano and Take Jonesco interrupted simultaneously: 'That's not so!' The Roumanians of Hungary are loyal to us from the bottom of their hearts. They might not reveal that fact to Majoresco, whose true sentiments they knew.

Bratiano added that he had a letter from Vaida-Voivode and other Roumanians in Transylvania, which contradicted what Majoresco said.

The latter replied that the government ought to have negotiated with Hungary, to better the conditions of the Roumanians in Transylvania.

The King then interrupted in his turn, and said that both before and during the war, he had urged Germany and Count Czernin to grant the Roumanians in Hungary at least as liberal rights as those enjoyed by the Czechs in Bohemia. Before the war, Kaiser Wilhelm went personally to Vienna to ask the same thing in behalf of the Roumanians, but it was refused even to him. The King added that he was firmly convinced that neither Germany nor any other power could accomplish anything on that point. He had personally taken the matter up on several occasions without success.

Majoresco, continuing his remarks, said that the public opinion of the kingdom was opposed to war, and that the constitution forbade it; before declaring war, the constitution would have to be amended; and to do that, a general election would be necessary.

The King could not keep from smiling at this suggestion.

Emile Costinesco condemned Carp, Majoresco, and Maghiloman vigorously. 'The question of the Dardanelles,' he said, 'is not a decisive question, because it is equally bad for us whether the Russians or the Germans control Constantinople.'

The King interrupted again to say that he did not fear Russia; but that even if he did fear that country, still it was better to enlarge Roumania, so that it might be stronger to defend itself.

Costinesco continued that since all the nations had joined the war in the cause of freedom, it would be dishonorable for Roumania—and the end of its progress as a nation—to remain neutral.

Marghiloman interrupted: 'Holland, Sweden, and Spain are also neutral.'

'But those countries have no just claims to assert in favor of members of their own race residing beyond their borders,' was the reply from all directions.

Costinesco continued: 'We are surrounded by war, and if we stay neutral, the Hungarians and the Bulgars will overrun us.'

Take Jonesco added: 'I can assert with confidence that the Roumanians in Hungary await us like the Messiah. It is true that they were in favor of remaining with Hungary in 1911, but on the basis of our becoming part of the Hapsburg empire. Since 1914, condi-

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tions have changed. They have informed me, in the name of their national committee, that unless we liberate them now, the Carpathians will remain for all time to come a boundary between us, and a union of our race will never occur. So far as public opinion in the kingdom is concerned, it is unanimously in favor of war.'

Michel Pherekyde, the speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, assured the King and the Cabinet in the name of the Assembly of its united support. Robesco, the vice-president of the Senate, gave the same assurance in the name of that body.

Bratiano said he was not sure of victory; but that even though vanquished, we should have asserted and guaranteed our national unity, as Italy, defeated at Novara, attained its national unity a few years later. He added that he assumed responsibility.

The King terminated the debate by saying that he had not made his decision until after ripe reflection, and that he was convinced that it was the proper decision in the interest of the country and of the dynasty. He believed that in acting as he did, he strengthened the ties between the Crown and the country. He asked for the support of all Roumanians, closing with the words: 'Forward, with God!'

AN EMBARRASSING CONFESSION

BY GIUSEPPE ZUCCA

[*Is it characteristic of their respective "race minds" that ironical references to the honors paid by various governments to their "unknown hero" should emanate from the realistic Latins and not from the sentimental Germans?*]

From *Il Messaggero, March* 13

(ROME CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

CONFESSION may be wholesome for the soul, but it is no joy for the heart—especially after tasting the sweetness of great honors bestowed under assumptions which are the reverse of true.

It is said that true heroes do not thirst for the applause of the mob. But I drank it in most greedily—more greedily, indeed, because I am not a true hero. I am not a real hero, but a sort of grabbag hero.

Strange, indeed, is this gamble of fortune, in both life and death! I recall some twenty years ago when I was a boy in the shabby classroom of a country school. I have completely lost track of the lads who were then my classmates. How many must be dead! How many must be dead and their fate unknown, their unidentified remains moldering far and wide on the broad battle fields of Europe! Nothing is left to perpetuate their memory except perhaps the initials which their pen knives carved on our battered school desks. I say my mind goes back to that little country schoolroom, and to the tense moment when the teacher used to open his register and run his eyes up and down the columns of names. Whom was he going to call on? Ninety-nine times out of one-hundred, when he was on the point of calling on me, some infallible spirit whispered in my ear: 'You're next.'

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I had the same experience years later, and in very different surroundings. It was the day that an officer of His British Majesty's forces fixed his eye in turn on each of twelve coffins, lined in a row and containing the corpses of twelve unknown soldiers brought from twelve different battle fields. When he pointed his gloved hand and said:—'That one!'—I knew beforehand it was to be mine.

So I was selected as 'the unknown hero', just as I used to be called upon to recite a lesson which I had not learned, or to hand in a sum which I had not done. The great difference, which seemed entirely to my advantage, is that when I was called on back in my school days, I had to show what I knew, what I had accomplished. This time I was called on and nothing more. In the old days, to tell the truth, I was a make-believe, pretending to have studied, what I had not studied, and to know what I did not know; and here today I am again a make-believe, pretending to be an authentic representative of the victorious heroism of a people which dominates the world,—it being understood, of course, in the world's interest.

Yet I must confess, cost what it may. Some imperative command of my being bids me do so. This is my tale.

. . . . . .

Let me say first, that the ceremonies were truly imposing. They were truly touching. I, myself, was moved by them. The programme was carefully prepared beforehand, and carried out to the minutest detail. For formal ceremonies worthily enacted, you can trust the English. They are masters. It is true that they have the advantage of a magnificent architectural setting for such events. Such was the marvelous Abbey, with its silent spectators.

Let me be just. Those two minutes of silence which reigned throughout Great Britain and its world-wide dominions, when every train stopped and the machinery of every ship bearing the British flag on every sea was silent,—those two moments of reverent meditation, when the august finger of the King pressed an electric button —that was a great dramatic incident! That stoppage of everyday pursuits throughout the world, that the people of its greatest empire might for a moment give their thoughts and gratitude to those who had died for liberty, and send up a silent prayer that that liberty might be preserved throughout the ages, and pledge themselves to die to defend that liberty—that was a symbol of national discipline, a gesture as portentous as a miracle.

When life resumed its normal course and the bells of the Abbey rang out, and the batteries brought home from Flanders thundered, and clay brought from the fields of Flanders, drenched with the blood of thousands of combatants, fell on my bier, and the Archbishop intoned the solemn words: 'Earth unto earth, ashes unto ashes, dust unto dust', that was beautiful, beautifully conceived, simple, dignified, august, truly impressive. I admit that I myself was moved.

At the same time, I must confess that the thunder of those cannons was the first I ever heard close at hand with my mind clear and full master of my thoughts. Let me then tell you briefly my true history.

When the war broke out, I was thirty-two years old, single, and a practicing attorney. My pacific temperament had caused me to avoid the bonds of matrimony, because my observations as a bachelor suggested that the married state might threaten com-

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plications to my peace of spirit. My naturally non-combative disposition, moreover, had led me into those fields of the law where there was the least risk of personal conflict and rivalry with my colleagues. I wrote briefs and gave advice to my clients in petty cases, always urging them, whenever possible, to settle their disputes out of court. The same gentleness of temper caused me to prefer the honorable pursuits of the intellect to those more violent forms of exercise involved in outdoor sports.

Consequently when it became increasingly apparent, that I might be drafted into military service, I immediately resorted to the most violent physical exercise in order, if possible, to develop some slight lesion which would relieve me of the unhappy necessity of serving at the front. I was particularly anxious to acquire the minimum infirmity that would exempt me from such service—a definite physical defect which became immensely popular both behind and beyond the battle line and among all belligerent nations. It was designated on the medical reports 'slight hernia.'

According to circumstances, this physical defect might be either a slight inconvenience or a serious danger. Its classification in the long scale between these two points depended very largely upon the amount of money a man had, or his degree of relationship or friendship with the medical officer making the inspection. The colonel who passed upon me was my maternal uncle, a very benevolent gentleman, who had known me from childhood, who appreciated my pacific disposition, and who realized before he saw me officially, that my trouble was serious enough to prevent my service in the field anywhere nearer the front than some five-hundred kilometers back of the firing line. He made his report in conformity with this.

So during the first, and the second, and half of the third year of the war, my 'slight hernia'—so docile to inspections and so rebellious to cure—limited my knowledge of the war to pictures published in the illustrated papers and to propaganda films in the movie shows. Since I am making a full and frank confession, I must admit that my pacific nature quite reconciled me to missing the interesting experiences which the men in active service were having, and prevented my feeling either emulation or envy of the glory which enhaloed the men whom I saw departing daily for the front.

Then there came a time, toward the end of the third year, when the spirit of the community grew ugly, and violent agitation set in against so-called 'slackers.' This was the worse for me, because my uncle, the colonel in the medical service who had repeatedly passed unfavorably upon my physical condition, exhibited at each inspection a more serious and preoccupied air. Then came the unhappy day when my uncle was promoted to be a general, in consideration of his valuable services to the fatherland. Immediately he was transferred to another point. At the very first visit of his successor, my serious malady proved to have been miraculously cured. Please note it had not improved; it was cured.

During the ensuing weeks, I learned to pack a knapsack and to drink whiskey copiously. However, whiskey did not meet my case, because I had already acquired such a fixed liking for the smell of paper and ink, and such a repugnance for the smell of powder, that my trouble had become incurable. Finally the day came when they loaded me into an ill-ventilated cattle car, where the atmosphere was fairly sti-

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fling with human breath and petroleum smoke. I was at the time fairly burning up with fever. However, the medical officer at the entraining station refused to recognize the fact, and accused me of being drunk. His diagnosis was true. Since I am making a full confession, I must admit that.

I don't remember about the journey. I have a vague recollection of being hustled out of one train into another, and of hearing remarks not commendable to my courage. That shows how dangerous it is to pass judgments. I wish those gentlemen, if they are still alive, might know where I am today!

There follows a confused memory of another long trip in an auto truck where I drank more whiskey on the sly, until I fell down among the feet of my companions, and one kicked me and knocked out a tooth. I lay there half fainting with pain, while my comrades walked on my fingers with their hob-nailed boots.

Then I remember also, in a confused way, being dragged out of the truck on a freezing cold morning in February. The earth was covered with frost. My hands and feet were half frozen. They took me to a dugout. Every now and then I'd hear a sound like distant thunder, and the walls and ceilings about me would shake down clouds of earth.

Soon after I reached the dugout, a very young officer with his breast covered with decorations addressed me briefly in tones of intense anger, saying that he would not dishonor himself by having me in his company. He ordered two soldiers to take me with them, I do not know where.

Then I have an impression that inferno broke loose. I seem to recall my companions suddenly disappearing in a concealed trench or gallery. I did not have the presence of mind to follow them, but took another swig of whiskey, draining my flask to the last drop. I remember nothing distinctly of the cataclysm which followed, and which hurled me, with the rock and debris of an enormous mine high in the air and dropped my lifeless body in the midst of a heap of enemy dead.

I admit I did nothing to escape death; but I must also confess that if I had had time, and if I had been sober, I should have done my utmost to avoid it.

So here you have my true history, except, of course, the full official story of why such great honors were bestowed upon me, when the finger of a powerful monarch pressed an electric button, and the whole British empire paused for two minutes of silent contemplation in tribute to myself and my unknown heroism.

And to think that I am the only incontestable hero, whose heroism is undisputed! For all my hero rivals have their honors more or less debated, and they will be more bitterly debated in the future. I, alone, am a hero who is universally recognized as such, against whose public reputation no envious and malignant finger can point to besmirch the splendor of my glory. In the last analysis, I am the only true hero; for I now disabuse mankind of another illusion, which it has cherished with the utmost fondness and, I must admit, with every grace of imagination and poetry.

One word more. I must add this to my confession, although it is a fact for which I am in no way responsible. Everyone knows that when the battle surges on to a new point, the corpses are gathered up and buried in a common grave, friends and enemies alike. Now I must tell you for the peace of my conscience that, although buried in venerable Westminster Abbey, I am

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not an English soldier, nor a French soldier, nor an Italian soldier, nor a Belgian soldier, nor an American soldier, nor any other Ally of either color. To tell the truth, I was born in a city near famous porcelain works, famous for manufacturing tobacco pipes. Its industry is both artistic and honest. It is an old town in Wurttemburg. In fact, I am a German.'

THE FETISHES OF PARIS

BY PAUL BLOCK

From *Berliner Tageblatt, March* 3, *No.* 103

(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

I HOPE my title will not inspire any Pan-German with the idea that the Parisians are donning bearskins and celebrating war dances around wooden idols. They haven't quite reached that point, although an up-to-date jazz is not much different from a cannibal dance in Darkest Africa. But a man does not need to leave Berlin to see that absurdity. Bad taste and low appetites have always been international. Paris fetish worship is something different. It is a war illness which peace has not yet cured. On the contrary, Paris has suffered a relapse. The epidemic is on the increase, suggesting that perhaps the peace atmosphere is not yet sufficiently purified. The priests and priestesses of fetish worship are busy strengthening the faith of their followers. In these hopeless days hundreds of thousands are seeking—alas vainly—some little, even modest, bit of happiness. That explains why the fetishes of Paris are supposed to be luck bringers; mysterious promisers of a better future, warding off evil and fulfilling hopes.

I have been intending to write something about this renaissance of superstition for some time, but I speedily discovered that I could hardly do so on a basis of casual conversation. It is a subject which requires systematic study—to be handled with German *Grundlichkeit.*

In order to avoid a historical introduction, which by the way I am not qualified to write, I shall jump at once *medias in res,* and describe the fetishes which any man who goes about with open eyes can see for himself in Paris.

First of all there is the *bourgeois fetish,* which we also have in Germany. It is sold in the form of bracelet bangles and watch-charms, and appears in every guise which age-old superstition associates with luck and protection; as a three-leaf clover, a horseshoe, a mushroom, a pentagram, or a swastika cross. However, the folly of the times has added new improvements, though to be sure these are designed to add to the price of such objects rather than to their lucky influence. In addition to simple silver medals and gold pins, we now find these figures represented in precious jewels.

More art is devoted to a higher kind of *bourgeois fetish.* There are little images of lucky animals, such as pigs, fish, pigeons, and other zoological specimens, probably suggested to the Parisians by the Senegal negroes, the Annamites, and the Indians, who were brought to Europe during the war. At least I, personally, never knew before

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that both the elephant and ape are lucky animals, although I have heard vaguely of holy apes around some Oriental temple. But these are the two favorite animals just at present. You find them everywhere, not only carved from stone and from precious metals, but also in relief—to be worn as lockets—or carved from mother of pearl and coral. The young lady at the post office where I buy my stamps, has an ape of the latter material hung from her neck, as well as another ape in the form of a penwiper on her desk. When I once told her that Ibsen was fond of having such little novelties on his desk, she replied, with cool dignity: 'Unfortunately I am not familiar with the German poets.'

Another type of fetish which came into vogue during the war makes a great demand on inventiveness and imagination. That is the *sentimental fetish*. This luck bringer is made of a bullet or piece of shell which has caused a casualty in battle. Probably the fetish started with soldiers having the bullets taken out of their wounds set in silver, and using them as watch-charms. Such a personal association with the object is supposed to make it especially lucky, for if the bullet had gone a little deeper the present owner would not be here to wear it. I am unable to discover, however, just what association of ideas makes such trifles so popular with elderly maiden ladies and young girls, who presumably have no gory reminiscences associated with them. Possibly they are mementoes of some dear one who was lost, or perhaps saved; but in that case they suggest a morbid tendency to dwell on horrors, a touch of hysteria.

Such bullets are also cast in the form of other lucky objects, such as animals, stars, pentagrams, and then plated with silver or gold. One sees them arranged also in the form of crosses, pyramids, and horseshoes. Some of these are very crude; others reveal such grace of design and workmanship as to become real things of art, ennobled above their symbolical significance. One of the prettiest ideas is a dainty little bell of shell metal, bearing in tiny letters the inscription, 'After the last cannon shot the chimes of peace.'

Very similar to the *Sentimental fetishes* in form, but different in idea, are the popular amulets, which might be classified as *Learned fetishes*. These auto-suggestive art works are designed to appeal to learned or educated fools, who go on the assumption that although miracles are rather out of date in our modern western civilization, the mysteries of primitive ages still survive among the older nations of the Orient, and 'one never knows—' The old lure of the 'Great Egyptian Mystery', or the 'Cryptogram of Solomon" is transferred to these tasteless modern knick knacks. Mummies and little Buddhas and Chinese idols with peculiar names are cast from lead collected on the battlefield. For instance, one runs

Fan
Te
Puh

Another is

San
Su
Si

Always written in a vertical column in Chinese fashion.

Other articles of this kind are more attractive and artistic. For instance, little Japanese coral carvings, where a smiling countenance of Kwannon, no larger than a shirt stud, looks out of a tiny oval, or a tiny ivory Buddha carved with wonderful perfection, so

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small that it can be set in a lady's ring. Then we have the Beetle of Isis, the old miracle worker, which has again come into vogue.

Another fetish appears to be of English origin,—the *Game fetish.* These luck bringers are generally of elephant's hair, and assume the forms of bracelets, watchcharms, and necklaces. Elephant's hair? I admit frankly that the first time I saw one I asked, stupidly: 'Has an elephant hair?' We are so accustomed to think of these wise old beasts as leathery, thick-skinned brutes, that we almost forget they have such a thing as hair. But they have, of course. They must have a lot of it to make the thousands of fetishes which are lugged around Paris —unless the latter are, when you come down to it, made of old horsetails. This substance is used in the greatest variety of forms. One black thick hair will be knotted into a ring set in a thin gold band; or a fine braid of several hairs will be intertwined with a platinum chain, and a medallion locket, containing a hair arabesque, to form a bracelet; or a star of hair under a crystal covering will form a locket. Hair braids will be combined with semi-precious stones into a necklace. You will find hair used in decorating silver cigarette cases. I never before realized what a variety of services an elephant could perform; always assuming, of course, that the old horsetails I have mentioned are not the real miracle workers.

The English or Americans seem to be responsible for still another group, consisting of the wonderful productions which I might call *Crazy fetishes.* Far be from me any desire to insult the English or the Americans with this designation; certainly not so soon after the London Conference! But the humor, the grotesque eccentricity, the comical countenances one finds on these articles suggests irresistibly an Anglo-Saxon origin. These dolls are all the rage in Paris, and are supposed to bring certain luck. The show-windows are filled with them of all sizes, from the height of one's little finger to half the size of a natural child; smiling, ogling, pot-bellied imp-like little creatures, whose only garb is a silk sash bearing the inscription 'My name is Kiss-me'. That startling assertion stares you in the face whereever you go. These dolls are of every color—brown, white, red—with a grimace of diabolical mischief in their features; and though one is sometimes exasperated at being greeted wherever he goes with this ubiquitous 'Kiss-me,' he can not help winding up with a laugh—and, truly it is indeed a bit of luck to laugh at anything in these days.

Naturally there are French variations of these dolls—but they are by no means common. They are exact imitations of the imported article in every respect, except their silk sashes bear the following legend:

Je suis le fetiche du jour,
Je me nomme Coupidon,
Dieu de l'Amour!

Last of all, let me mention another object of this class, something rather more serious; the *True fetish.* It is not displayed in show-windows, it is not easily found; one must search for it arduously, as for all true miracles. I was put on its track by an advertisement in an illustrated review. Apparently in our matter-of-fact days even fetishes cannot get on without advertising. A full page was occupied by a horrible dragon; topped with a human torso and a Chinese head. By the side of it there was a puzzling jargon of letters which I finally deciphered as: 'This is the idol Kes-Ke-Ssa. He brings wealth and he who

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possesses him is contented.' That Chinese idol could be purchased at one of the largest Paris jewelers. I hunted up the place, which was in the most fashionable part of the city, and looked in a show-window, filled with many brilliant and beautiful treasures. However Kes-Ke-Ssa was not there. Doubtless it was too precious, and was kept in some interior sanctuary. So I disguised myself, to satisfy my curiosity, as an American millionaire, by putting on a pair of brand new gloves, and with beating heart entered the establishment:

'I'd like to see the idol Kes-Ke-Ssa', I said, in the careless tone of a man to whom a couple of millions means nothing,—because as he doesn't own them.

'Very happy, indeed, Sir,' replied the jeweler, who also looked like a millionaire, but a real one. He opened a glass case and took out a little box, and set it down in front of me. *Sapristi!* And sure enough! In a tiny altar shrine, as tiny as one's little finger, lined with dark red satin, was this dragon monster with a Chinese head, seated on a throne. It consisted of nothing else but pearls and jewels, unless it were the head, which was of ivory, if not of some stone with which I am not familiar,—for the daintily carved but cruel countenance had a bluish moonlight glint. This Kes-Ke-Ssa idol was a masterpiece, but Venus of Milo pleases me better.

'The price?' I asked, indifferently.

'Seven thousand francs' replied the jeweler, with an inviting motion of the hand.

Sapristi! Thunder and lightning!

'Is that all?' I exclaimed, in order to conceal my pleasant surprise. Then we both looked up and laughed in each other's face. The genial jeweler enjoyed telling me the history of this little pearl beast, which is an exact copy of a true idol, not in China but in Burma. This was an average sized one; there were others both cheaper and dearer. He showed me a couple of the very costly ones. The first was about an inch and a half high, made of sapphires and pearls, and cost twelve thousand francs; another in a gold box about as large as a nut, consisted of two pearls, with a carved head, not much larger than a grain of wheat. It cost thirty thousand francs.

'That's something for you!' said the jeweler, proud of the impression he had made upon me, as he locked the thing up. But I begged him stop a moment.

'Could you show me a *Peace fetish?*' They are very rare now, and cost two hundred and twenty-six billions.'

He didn't take my remark ill, but merely laughed, and we parted the best of friends.

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SCHROEDER'S BILL

BY PIERRE MILLE

[*The author of this article states that he has in his possession, the actual voucher which passed in this transaction, and relates the incident as an excellent example of the "naive ingenuity approaching ironical astuteness", with which some German officials pad the expenses of the forces occupying their Country.*]

From *Le Temps, March* 31

(PARIS CONSERVATIVE SEMI-OFFICIAL DAILY)

AT the close of a certain day of this year of grace or misery—whichever you prefer to call it—1921, the Landrat of Schleiden, in the Rhine provinces occupied by French troops, unfolded his napkin at dinner with a decided frown upon his brow.

This napkin was inserted in a little bag, on which had been embroidered in red cotton by the Landrat's wife. *Love and Loyalty to Germany.* The reader may either forget or remember this detail, as he pleases. It is not important in our story.

The Landrat's wife regarded her husband with tender solicitude, but waited respectfully until he deigned to mention the cause of his care, or irritation.

"I have just received", he said surlily, "a letter from the chairman of the Inter-allied High Commission, notifying me that it is proposed to station a deputy of the Commission at Schleiden, and requesting me to find him quarters. This deputy commissioner, the letter says, is a bachelor, and that inasmuch as the official residence of the Landrat is a large one, we will doubtless be able to allot a couple of our thirty-six apartments to this functionary."

"A Frenchman in my house!" cried the Landrat's lady, who was very patriotic. "I will not tolerate it".

"However, it is a fact", acknowledged her husband gloomily, "that we have thirty-six rooms, most of which we do not use. We need let him have only two."

"But this Frenchman would also have the right to use the kitchen. He would send his servant there. That servant is undoubtedly a black man. We should have this black pest right in our home. Consider the cook."

The housemaid, who also served as waitress, pricked up her ears, visibly interested. She was clearly disappointed when the Landrat replied, "We have no more negroes in this section. They have all been taken back to France to a place they call, if I remember rightly, Saint Raphael".

"Anyway, he will have a servant or an orderly. I do not want strangers in my kitchen."

The Herr Landrat did not stop to suggest that for four years and a half, the French had plenty of occasion to say: "I do not want a German in my kitchen". He honestly felt that his wife was right. That is why he sent for his neighbor, Schroeder, a highway overseer, as soon as he had finished his substantial meal.

"Schroeder", he said, when the latter appeared, "your house has been selected to lodge a French deputy commissioner, who is to be stationed in the City of Schleiden, under the outrageous terms of the Versailles treaty. You will have to get out. However, about a mile from here, in the

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little hamlet, Wiesgen, there is a very comfortable vacant residence, which I am requisitioning for you."

"Es ist nicht gut", said the overseer. "It will cost money".

"You will not have to pay, my friend. You will not have to pay. Theoretically, Germany pays, but actually it will be the Entente, and more particularly, France. Do not let that worry you. Charge a good price. . . and see here! Kravenckel Inn is very comfortable. Go down there with your wife for the time being. And tell them there that they need not be skimpy in their charges." . . . . . Schroeder was very comfortable at Kravenckel Inn with his wife and his mother-in-law. He did not hurry, tarrying twenty-five days at that hostlery. His household goods were not numerous. They consisted of three beds, a few chairs and wardrobes, a table, a china closet, a cook stove, and a dozen chickens. The furniture did not have to be moved a great distance. Schroeder could easily walk from his former residence to Kravenckel Inn in a quarter of an hour. The drayman, who was a personal friend, said: "I will treat you well, and not charge you much."

But the overseer, who had quickly seized the hint given him by the Landrat, said: "No, no, do not let that bother you. Do not let that bother you. Suppose we have something to drink. What shall it be, beer?"

"I would prefer", said the drayman, "since you are so kind as to offer it, a little whiskey."

"Let me suggest something better than that—some French cognac. They have some first-class here at the Inn."

Finally, like everything else, this delightful sojourn drew to an end. The Herr Landrat summoned Schroeder, Mrs. Schroeder, Schroeder's mother-in-law, Kravenckel—the Hotel proprietor—and the drayman, in order to draw up the expense voucher which was to be rendered to the Inter-allied High Commission. "My good friends," he said benevolently, "We understand that every one of you is entitled to his liberal compensation. Let's start out with Kravenckel. What is your bill?"

"At twenty-five marks a day each for three persons", began the hotel proprietor.

"Twenty-five marks!" shouted Schroeder. "Why you are silly. Twenty-five marks a person, at a little inn in a village of one thousand people! It was six marks before the war. Suppose we make it fifteen now, and that will be robbery!"

Kravenckel replied, somewhat confused and apologetic, "Why, you know, the Herr Landrat just said. . "

"Yes, I suggested," murmured the Landrat gently, "that perhaps thirty—"

"Or even thirty-five", timidly intimated Kravenckel.

"Let us make it thirty-five", agreed the magistrate. "Now, thirty-five is better".

"I have indulged myself during my stay," interrupted Schroeder, happy at the turn things had taken, "with sixty-three glasses of beer, outside of meals, several glasses of wine and some fifty glasses of cognac, schnaps and bitters, which you know are good for the digestion."

"Yes, the bill for that was one hundred ninety-eight marks", affirmed Kravenckel, with a glow of admiration in his countenance.

"Excellent!" observed the Herr Landrat.

"Make it one hundred ninety-eight

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marks for extras, and two thousand, six hundred, twenty-five marks for board. Is that satisfactory to everyone?"

Apparently it was. Meantime, the drayman was rubbing his eyes. He had not been able yet to take in the situation.

"Come, what is yours?" asked the Landrat.

"Oh, you know it was not much of a load, and only a short distance."

"Short distance! Wisegen is not quite a mile from Schleiden, it is true. But then, it is outside the city limits, so it comes under the long distance tariff."

"Well, Herr Landrat, if you say so."

"And then, you had to use two drays, didn't you—two large drays? In any case, you ought to have done so. Charge for two drays. Then, you had to load them, unload them, go from your stable to the house, and also put up your horses at Wisegen."

"But, Herr Landrat, the horses and drays stayed out in the road at Wiesgen—

"That is not necessary. Let us say?—

"Well then," recited the drayman, as light began to dawn upon him, "two drays, five meters long; charge for hauling, long distance, twelve hundred marks; terminal charges at Schleiden, seven hundred fifty marks; stable charges at Wiesgen, twenty-six hundred marks; terminal charges at Wiesgen, ten hundred twenty-five marks; altogether, five thousand, three hundred seventy-five marks. If that is too much—

"No, no, no, no. Let us make it five thousand, three hundred seventy-five marks. That is a very fair figure.

Meantime, Frau Schroeder, the overseer's wife, had been watching them with shining eyes. "Hold on. Wait a bit. There are my twelve chickens also".

"Did they die on the trip?"

"No, they are not dead."

"Too bad. We might have charged for them. What about it?"

"We had to bring them likewise—our chickens—to Wiesgen."

Schroeder, his wife, and his mother-in-law had tied the chickens' feet together, and transported them personally, head downward, the usual way of carrying chickens in the country. It made four chickens for each. Not a heavy load. However, this little detail did not interest the Landrat, who promptly agreed, "You are right, Frau overseer, and another thing, you had to feed those chickens for twenty-five days, didn't you?"

"Just as usual".

"That makes no difference. Charge for their food. I will put it down—transportation of chickens, feeding them, putting up and taking down a chicken coop, two hundred fifty-four marks."

That sum seemed perfectly fair to Schroeder's family, which showed proper gratitude to the Landrat. However, a new inspiration occurred just then to the overseer's wife.

"Herr Landrat, there was my sentimental suffering."

"Your sentimental suffering?"

"Yes, at leaving the house where I was born."

"Yes, the house of your life time—perfectly right. Now, we will put down, indemnification for the shock to the emotions of the overseer's wife, sixty marks. Is that all? Don't forget anything."

It appeared to be all. They sadly admitted that. As they were pondering on that fact, the overseer's wife suddenly remembered a litre of beans which a tricky grocer had sold her, and

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which were not worth cooking. She exclaimed, "It was moving—they spoiled while we were moving."

"What spoiled?"

"Those beans."

So they added one hundred ten marks for the litre of beans which were spoiled by the family's temporary inability to cook them. Then they added up the column. After allotting a sum for repairing the new house, board at Kravenckel Inn, and the drayman's bill, the total amounted to thirteen thousand, six hundred eighty-three marks. The Herr Landrat rubbed his hands, and signed his "verified and approved" at the bottom of this remarkable voucher, stamped it with the official seal of the City of Schleiden, and transmitted it to the chief representative of the Inter-allied High Commission, either with or without his compliments—the last point is the only one of which I am not certain.

BARRETT WENDELL: AMERICAN 'DISCOVERER' OF FRANCE

BY FERNAND BALDENSPERGER

[*Professor at the University of Paris and of Strasbourg.*]

From *France-Etats-Unis, March*

(PARIS, FRANCO-AMERICAN JOURNAL)

If Frenchmen would appreciate the debt of recognition which their country owes to the American writer who has just died, let them take his volume of 1907, *France of Today,* and contrast it with the most significant, and most regarded book until that time on the same subject, *French Traits* by W. C. Brownell (1888). Only by putting side by side these two studies will they appreciate the road traversed by enlightened opinion in the United States:

> The apparent contrast between modern Frenchmen and the crusaders, between the 'cafe-haunters' and the cathedral-builders, stimulates speculation as to whether the present interest of France is commensurate with her historic importance. The difference is as vast as that between gloom and gayety, between the grandiose and the familiar, the mystic and the rational.

And Brownell had, indeed, to refer to the 'social instinct' all the antinomies which he observed, and to insist upon the fraternity diffused in the eternal France. One feels in his interpretation of our land, that a quality sinking to decadence did not cease to impress the observer, friendly though he professed to be.

Wendell, on the other hand, did not hesitate to proclaim that the force of the true French society was in the solidity of its *foyers,* in the persistence of its family spirit:

> The first of human duties, instead of being individual, there becomes social and is based upon self-denial. The French are profoundly faithful to that ideal; if they had not practiced it through all generations, with a persistent loyalty and a zeal quite free of selfishness, French society would not exist in the form which it has inherited from the past and which it transmits to the future.

Whatever reserves the author might make in our other characteristics,

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there was here, as a foundation for appreciation, a sound and healthy base. The *home,* the so-called untranslateable term in which the Anglo-Saxons saw their palladium, has its equivalent among these French who are so much decried. Decidedly, their civilization was not an assemblage of epicurean individualists; the texture of the nation made possible all varieties of fantasy and error, but none the less this strong weft persisted beneath the most hazardous embellishments. The whole problem was not to take the exception for the rule, literature for life, the divergent fact for the constant norm—as so many foreigners do.

In comparison with this re-orientation of fundamental values, the details of Wendell's remarks are less important. The too rigid and centralized system of our University seemed to him as schematic as Dante's edifice of Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell. He saw well that the warmth of humanity, of personal contact, was lacking in many of our social relationships. The question of religion—at the time when he was travelling among us—seemed to him menacing. Certain contradictions of our democracy never ceased to strike him. What mattered these dissonances, however, if a tolerable harmony appeared to him to come from the concert of so many diverse voices, and if a rhythm of energy and endurance seemed to animate a France faithful, taken all in all, to its essential virtues?

Such were his conclusions. In his lectures at the Lowell Institute at Boston, in his articles in *Scribner's Magazine,* Wendell put the results of his inquiry into their first form. His book, many times reprinted, translated, and abundantly commented upon, really marked a date in cultivated circles for one important fact in history: the mutual understanding of France and the United States.

Nothing in Barrett Wendell indicated special affinities with us or a prior understanding of us when Mr. James H. Hyde requested him to become, in 1904, the first of the American lecturers at the Sorbonne, and then to continue by a trip through our provinces, the visit begun in Paris. Of English and Frisian stock, he had the scruples quickly roused, the reticences, and the ready disquietudes of the Bostonian. Reared in New York, he could have secured only in scraps the higher elements of our letters and our arts. As a professor at Harvard University, the beginning of his career coincided with the high tide of German influence in philosophy, in music, and in learning. He had, it is true, as a young man, with his family spent some time in Paris; but he characterized the impression which he retained by a phrase somewhat enigmatic and disturbing in its elasticity: 'Paris', he said, 'was the one city of the world where everyone found most easily what he was hunting.'

There were, however, in the individualities of his nature, which may have been limitations and obstacles, evidences of a new clarity of vision, the reason for the moral about-face with respect to our land which *France of Today* was to represent. The prestige of the German methods of thought? They may have had, he said, the advantage of guiding American intelligence along the roads which have kept it from starting out at random. They have in their time, strengthened hesitating spirits. But he did not hesitate to write one day that 'the influence of German learning upon the American spirit has ended by being harmful; nothing would be better to counterbalance the intellectual torpor

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which has resulted than closer contact with France.' Whence came his joy in the course of his mission of 1904-1905 at finding himself in the full whirl of ideas, of suggestions, or paradoxes, at experiencing that intellectual intensity which seems, to many visitors of Puritan training, a little disquieting and perverse? Was it the fundamental seriousness which he derived from his ancestry? It seemed to him that among us, by a kind of asceticism, of almost monachal devotion to investigation, to the employment of results, the best intellectuals redeemed the easy ways of our supposed 'amoralism.' If the achievements of the French spirit had sometimes, in his mind, a touch of wan anemia, they possessed a logical rigor, they pre-supposed a fervor of faith which made them, he would say, like the most exacting imperatives of religious beliefs. And so the Frenchman was in his way, linked with the peoples who were proudest of their spirituality.

None the less, there was in Barrett Wendell, corresponding, as one would wish, to some of the permanent traits of France, encouraged by the fortunate circumstances of his private life, an evident disposition to enjoy in most domains, values which the United States scarcely set in the first rank of the objects of their admiration and their effort, and which found a stubborn devotion in the sage humanist from beyond the sea.

We are no longer to ignore that *tradition* is a word which rings false between New York and San Francisco. It is often taken as a synonym for routine, for prejudice, for worn-out and tryannical custom. So many traditional chains have had to be broken, so that a great state might be set up between the two oceans! So many traditions of feudalism, of the ghetto, of race, or of religion, have weighed upon the emigrants, happy to try new opportunities over there. Without doubt, very often, emancipated from Europe or otherwise, these Americans did not know what inheritances or what racial fatalities they brought to the soil of the new continent, by what secret bonds they held, in spite of everything, to the past. There is, in current notions, in the general surroundings, so much easy indifference with regard to the 'old country', so much optimism and let-well-enough-alone, that these legacies of the past seemed negligible to the great mass, indifferent to dominant opinion.

It was peculiarly characteristic of Barrett Wendell to demand the restoration to tradition of its rights and privileges in the life of a great democracy, to defend it, to illustrate it in his teaching at Harvard University, and to cultivate it charmingly in his private life. Some Bostonians, influenced somewhat by snobbishness, treated it, as is known, as a sort of sport, restricting it voluntarily to superficial studies of language, manners, and family pride, as an affectation and eccentricity. A perfect charm and even a little humor adorned the traditionalism of this man of the world.

With what charm and zeal his wife and he set themselves to reconstruct an old family house at Portsmouth, 'The Jacob Wendell House,' in the delightful old style of the colonial period! A little garden with straight paths, and a remodeled barn, completed the old-fashioned design and the old-style furnishings. The master of the house—before 'Prohibition', which he saw come with disgust—drank each evening the health of 'Uncle Blunt', an ancestor whose por-

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trait ornamented the mantel shelf. With what satisfaction Wendell did the honors of the old Somerset Club at Boston, an institution whose membership is recruited among the old families of New England! And, when a fact, a relic, a contact of any sort offered an understanding of the past, what a commingling of imagination and sympathy enabled him to link it up with the past, to illustrate the discovery and to make dead things live once more!

These things are one side of his activity. It must be recalled, to estimate the importance of his work, that thousands of students at Harvard drew something from his teaching of English literature and of literature in general; that his conception of American literature, which he presented in the work devoted to that subject, rooted the American mentality deep in the English, because of the linguistic tradition; that the last volume to which he gave his energy, *The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante,* deliberately rooted the intellectual effort of the old world in the Greco-Roman heritage, and proposed to the lettered public (over there a revelation) classical antiquity as the common heritage of our common civilization:

> Whoever will take the trouble to read, side by side, the Book of Ruth and the story of Nausicaa, will probably come to feel, perhaps with surprise, that Ruth was written ages ago by some one whose nature was far less like our own than was the nature of the poet who ages ago set down the story of the Phaeacian maid at play with her hand-maids.

A victory of humanistic inspiration and the highest intellectual tradition over other temptations! One could see that in Barrett Wendell, a depth of frank Puritanism existed, which nearly related him to Carlyle, to Ruskin, to Emerson, always inclined to prefer the dangerous inner light to the standards of the city; one could see that if he appreciated, in France, the application and energy and virtues of the *foyer,* he would have had but slight sympathy for the qualities of *elan* and honor which constitute our lack of logic in the eyes of certain strangers. Yet, by a faithfulness at once instinctive and reasoned, to the imperishable Mediterranean heritage, this northerner with the eyes of a dreamer, and rather reserved speech, the gentleman of the reticent and distinguished manners, did not hesitate in his opinion as to where civilization was developing. His sympathies from the beginning of the war did not waver for an instant.

Germany was disturbed, from the opening of the struggle, by the all-too-clear affection which this American writer showed for our land. As her officials, better than ours, knew the importance of well-considered opinion in the universal conflict which they knew to be imminent, Barrett Wendell was requested, in the spring of 1914, to make the same stay in Berlin that he had made in Paris. I do not know what his official reply was, but this is what he wrote to me on the 15th of that year which was so full of events.

> The invitation was an honor. The conditions of the course, however, were disturbing in many respects, and my ignorance of German would have rendered vain the social side of my visit. As for the rest, although my family came to America from eastern Friesland, I have never come to feel a real sympathy for the German character.

The last joy which France afforded Barrett Wendell, it may well be said, was the title of doctor, *honoris causa,*

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which the University of Strasbourg, the reviving institution of P. Janet, of Pasteur, and of Fustel de Coulanges, at its formal re-opening bestowed upon this American, who knew how to be, in his own way, a good European. The encomiums which accompanied the diploma summed up thus the reasons for this distinction:

. . . .The first of the Hyde lecturers in France 1904-1905, he placed our country before his countrymen in a new light, and told them, in a well-known book, what they ought to think, especially of the French family, and our *foyer*, of our universities and faculties. At the beginning of the war, when it was still confined to Europe, he proclaimed where his sympathies were, the sympathies of a noble soul attached to that which was highest in the grand traditions of western humanism.

Barrett Wendell had not yet received information of this distinction, when he wrote on February 5, 1920, to an American friend who from Paris sent him the news:

Nothing could have given me at the same time so much surprise and pleasure as the honors which have been conferred on me by the University of Strasbourg... During the years of the war, my health rendered me useless, and I was almost beginning to think I had always been so. That is the principal reason why this homage rendered to my previous work, done at a time when I was capable of accomplishing something, is a great pleasure to me,—still more, an unbelievable aid. And this pleasure is of a quality which it could not have had at any other moment. Whoever has known France as I learned to know her in 1904-1905, could not fail to love her. To become, in some sort, a part of France at the very hour when France was finding herself again after having undergone in the most noble way, the most marvellous test, in my opinion, during her thousand years of history—that is to me an emotion which passes the power of words.

Tell educated Americans, from us, in what rank they should place this man who has gone, whose literary baggage was not very large, whose reputation never appealed to the general public, whose influence was, none the less, great in the wide *milieu* of Harvard. His friends in France are unanimous in regretting that a loyal heart has ceased to beat, that a fine intelligence has ceased to function. They know what place their country has in the thoughts and emotions of this American of a noble stock.

DEPUTY BANSHEES

BY MISS A. H. SINGLETON

From *The National Review, March*

(ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

Of the many mysteries with which life is filled, none appear more strange than the evident perception of the supernatural in animals. That they *do* see and hear what is hidden from the human eye is a story as old as that of Balaam's ass. The animal saw, it even lay down in its efforts to avoid the threatened danger, but it took a miracle to open the eyes of the prophet before he could perceive the angel with the drawn sword standing in the way or realize the danger from which the animal had saved him. Tales even more strange are told of animals coming to give warning of an approaching death in a family with which they appear to be in some unexplained

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way connected. That of the foxes that gather round Gormanston Castle when the head of the family is dying has been told too often to bear much repetition, though my friend the late Mrs. Farrell, of Moynalty, County Meath, gave me a few details that I do not think have yet appeared in print.

She told me that she was a great deal with her grandfather, Jenico, the twelfth Viscount Gormanston, during his last illness, and described how the foxes came in pairs, some evidently from a long distance, for their coats seemed covered with mud and their brushes trailed on the ground. Many of them passed through the farmyard, in which there were many fowl, but they never attempted to touch any of them, but went on till they came in front of the room in which the dying man lay. There they crouched down on the grass, their eyes fixed on his window and refusing to stir, though the grooms came and kicked them up, when they would move on for a few paces and then crouch down, gazing up at the window as before. The dogs came and 'sniffed' at them, then slunk away, recognizing the supernatural. This continued till after the funeral, when they all went away in pairs as they had come. The crest of the Gormanston family is a running fox, and a fox also appears as one of the 'supporters' of its coat of arms, but how that animal first became connected with the family none of them know.

As strange, and perhaps even more 'uncanny,' is the account of blackbeetles enacting the part of 'deputy banshees,' as a witty friend calls them. I give the account as it was written to me by Mrs. P., who belongs to an old Irish family:

'Yes, of course you can make any use you like of what I told you about the blackbeetles. They came when my brothers and father died. I was not at home at the time of my mother's death, and never thought of asking my sister, who was with her at the time, about them. I remember telling my mother that I had been to the kitchen and found the wall covered with blackbeetles, and taking my brother to see the sight (for it really was a sight). The wall behind the range was black with them. My mother cautioned me not to say anything to my father about it, for it would only worry him. The next day we heard that one of my brothers had died at school. The same thing happened when my youngest brother died, and also when my father was first taken ill and two nights before his death.

Strange to say, the beetles only came into the kitchen, and, as far as I know, were only seen by a member of the family.'

Another Irish family has a white cat for a 'deputy banshee.'

Some friends who lived in County Kildare told me that a young officer who was quartered at the Curragh came by invitation to fish in the River Liffey, which runs through their grounds. He was late in coming in to take leave of them before returning to the camp, but explained the delay by saying that he had been trying to catch a pretty little white cat which kept running round him close to his feet, but that whenever he thought he had got his hand upon it, the creature managed to elude his grasp. They all exclaimed. They had no white cat, had never seen one about the place, and did not know anyone who possessed a white cat.

A few weeks later the young officer came to call, and in the course of conversation reminded them of the white

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cat he had tried to catch on the occasion of his last visit. He told them that as he was driving back the cat sprang out of the hedge by the roadside and ran backwards and forwards across the road close in front of his horse's feet, and that the horse seemed to be afraid of it. When he got back to the camp he told his brother, who was staying with him, of this strange occurrence. His brother, he said, looked very grave, but said nothing. the next day they received a telegram telling them that their father was dangerously ill, and two days later one to say that he was dead. He then learnt that a white cat usually appeared to a member of their family before the death of one of it; but asked my friends not to mention his name, as the subject was one his family did not like to have discussed.

Birds have also been known to enact the part of 'deputy banshees.' Mrs. B. writes as follows:

'You ask me about my bird stories so here goes!

'Robins, usually looked upon as lucky birds, have always been to me little harbingers of misfortune and sorrow. The evening before I was sent for to my father's death-bed, a robin came into the hall, perched upon the banisters, and sung as if it would burst its little throat.

'Like the general run of people, I have always had a horror of a single magpie, and not without reason, as many instances in my life have proved. Once, when I was staying at Cloyne, in County Cork, my youngest sister, who was ill at the time, came to stay with me in the hope that a change of air might be of use to her. She, however, grew worse, and I took her to Dublin for further treatment. Her illness terminated in an operation which proved fatal.

'When I returned home, my maid told me that the Sunday before my sister's death a magpie had followed her the whole way from the house to the Roman Catholic church, a distance of two miles. Sometimes it flew down quite close to her feet, and then on before her again. It waited while she was in the church, and then flew back before her again in the same strange way.

'When my grandfather was dying a magpie could not be kept off his window-sill, upon which it stayed for two or three days tapping with its bill on the glass. After his death it disappeared.'

In the following instance, also told me by Mrs. B., the magpie seems to have come to warn of approaching trouble, not of a death.

'On March 4, 1911, when I was walking in the fields behind the house with my dog, a magpie followed me the whole length of one field, flying backwards and forwards before my path. When I came in I said to my sister, 'I wonder what misfortune is going to happen to me now. I have simply been haunted by a magpie this morning!' That afternoon I was, as you know, thrown from the dog-cart and my leg broken.'

Mrs. B. has no idea whether there is any connection between her family and magpies, as in the case already mentioned, and it seems strange that she should have so great a dislike to a bird that appears to take such an interest in her!

Dogs seem to be especially sensitive to the supernatural.

Early in the year 1916 I was living with my sister, Mrs. Gilliat, at Arch Hall, in County Meath, when the sad news came that her only remaining son had been killed in action in France. At about ten o'clock that evening Mrs.

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Gilliat's son-in-law, Mr. Kilby, who with his wife was staying at Arch Hall, went out as usual to look around the yards and see that all was in order, taking with him a young Airedale dog and a West Highland terrier. He went out by the back door, and as soon as he got into the stable-yard he was surprised to hear most extraordinary sounds, as of some person or animal in great pain. The Airedale lay down trembling in every limb; the little terrier put her tail between her legs and ran as fast as she could to the stable, where she had her puppies. Although the sounds appeared to come from the direction of the lake, Mr. Kilby went first to the stables and cow-houses, but found all there quiet as usual. Thinking that some of the young cattle might have been 'bogged' in the soft ground round the lake, he went in that direction, dragging the trembling dog after him by the chain. The moon was shining brightly, and he could distinctly see the cattle lying down peacefully under the trees. Still the wailing went on, and from his description it seemed to resemble the 'keening' made by hired mourners at a West of Ireland 'wake' or funeral—sounds which, once heard, are not easily forgotten. He returned to the house with the still trembling but now willing dog, and told his wife of the extraordinary sounds he had heard and how terrified the dogs had been by them. She said that she had heard similar crying the night after her uncle Admiral Singleton's death, but could not account for them. The next morning he told some of the men in the yard about the strange noise, but they took it quite as a matter of course. 'Sure, it was the banshee you heard. She does always cry like that when one of the family dies. It was the Captain she was crying for.'

It is clearly evident that both the dogs recognized the supernatural, though an Englishman would not be likely to think of a banshee.

A few years ago I was staying at Rostrevor, and met there a young lady who was so crippled by arthritis that she was not able even to stand without support. She and her sister lodged with a Miss L., whose mother also had a lodging-house in another part of the town. One evening Miss L. told the invalid and her sister that she was going to stay that night at her mother's house, as her aunt, who was there at the time, was very ill and wished to see her. She saw that everything in the house was in order and locked the front door, but left that into the yard open, so that her dog, an Irish terrier, who was generally kept shut up in the back yard, would be able to roam through the house and keep guard over it.

Miss D. told me that she and her sister, who slept in a different part of the house, went to bed at the usual time. As she was not able to look at her watch, she could not tell how long she had been asleep, but it was quite early in the night when she was awakened by what sounded to her like someone uttering piercing screams. She could not get out of bed, and her sister did not come to her. Presently the sounds came nearer, and she discovered that they came from the dog, who was howling as dogs howl at the moon or at high notes of music. When they came close to her door the howling ceased. Miss L. returned early the next morning and told them that her aunt had died at about one o'clock that night, and that soon before her death she had inquired for Miss D., in whom she took a great interest. Miss D. said she could not say exactly at what hour the dog had awakened

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her, but that it must have been at nearly about that time, as she did not think she had slept for much over an hour.

Perhaps this is even more strange.

A lady living in Ireland had an Irish terrier of which she was very fond. A few winters ago she and her husband went abroad, leaving the dog in the charge of the servants. Some months lated the dog appeared very restless, and one day it cried and howled in a most unaccountable manner. No notice was taken of it, but a few days later the household were informed that their mistress had died in Italy after a few days' illness on the same day, and approximately at the same hour, as the dog had howled so distressingly. The news of their mistress's death was quite unexpected, as none of the household even knew that she was ill.

To those who believe that at the hour of death the released spirit can, and often does, revisit persons or places that have been much in its thoughts during the last hours of life, an explanation of this apparent mystery offers no difficulty. Miss L.'s aunt had been thinking much of the invalid and had inquired for her only a few hours before she died, and it is reasonable to suppose that a sick person far away from her home would think much of it and of the favourite dog that she had left there. Those who do not agree with this solution of the mystery must solve the problem for themselves. In both cases, however, it was the dog that, with its clearer vision, saw and recognized the supernatural.

So far, all that I have written has been gathered from personal friends. I have, however, read many anecdotes which go far to prove that the psychic instinct is more fully developed in animals, more especially in dogs (and perhaps horses), than in ourselves; but this, taken from a newspaper whose date I have forgotten, is worth recording. It is headed 'Dog saves Woman's Life.'

'A young lady living in Preston was awakened in the morning by a dog whining and scratching at her bedroom door. She went to the kitchen to see if anything was the matter, and had just got there when a part of the building of the adjacent house fell in and crashed through the roof on to the bed upon which she had been lying.' I have heard similar stories, but do not consider them sufficiently well authenticated to quote. Enough has been given to support the belief that animals have the gift of 'seeing things' that we do not see, or, in the words of the late Mrs. Alexander,

For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

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SUSSEX POETS

BY E. B. OSBORN

From *The Morning Post, March* 18

(LONDON TORY DAILY)

It is not necessary to have been born in Sussex to become a Sussex poet. You need only have the South Saxon character so well suggested in John Taylor's couplet:

> To hear much, to say little, and do less,
> Are great preservatives of quietness

and the required faculty of rhythm and reason to qualify as a poet-lover of the county with the most lovable scenery in England—little rivers with forget-me-not growing everywhere along their winding banks, deep water-meadows full of drowsy kine, and high-columned woodland sanctuaries, Romney Marsh "just riddle with diks and sluices, an' tide-gates an' water-lets," and, above all, the Downs, the gentlest uplands in the world, that seem to be the very bosom of Mother Earth. Romney Marsh, when the silver water-lilies are out—ready to crown the little Queen of the May at Winchelsea—is perhaps my own favourite part of Sussex, and always as I think of it, a stanza of E. G. Buckeridge's beautiful song sings itself in the soul's attentive ear.

> And so I came through Romney marsh
> That holds no house or tree,
> Only the wide, sheep-dotted grass
> That once was sand and sea,
> Only the frail windmills that lift
> Against the sunset fire,
> And faintly pencilled on the drift
> The ghost of Romney spire.

Yet, while I would rather find out the way to some hillside meadow, where the daffodils grow (there is one near Fittleworth or used to be) and see their golden dancing:

> And whoever walks along there
> Stops short and sees,
> By the moist tree-roots
> In a clearing of the trees,
> Yellow great battalions of them
> Blowing in the breeze.

Let others love the Downs best (not me, for I hate hill climbing) and recall them with the passion in Elizabeth Browning's lines:

> My own hills! Are you 'ware of me, my hills,
> How I burn toward you? Do you feel to-night
> The urgency and yearning of my soul
> As sleeping mothers feel the suckling babe
> And smile? . . . . Still ye go
> Your own determined, calm, indifferent way
> Toward sunrise, shade by shade, and light by light.

But I honour their gentle beauty by eating the mutton praised by Dudeney, Mr. Kipling's old shepherd: 'That's Southdown thyme which makes our Southdown mutton beyond compare, and my mother told me 'twill cure anything except broken hearts or necks, I forget which' . . . As I was going to say before these passages insisted on being quoted, some of the poets who have written most beautifully about Sussex were born far beyond its green or grey horizons. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Hilaire Belloc are not Sussex men save by adoption; neither was Swinburne nor Tennyson, with his fair prospect of 'Green Sussex fading into blue, With one grey

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glimpse of sea.' Shelley and Collins, who were Sussex born and bred, never cared to celebrate the loveliness of the earth out of which they were subtly wrought. The truth is that Sussex, so strong in her age-long patience, has power to take in the stranger and make him a true South Saxon, even to the extent of adopting the Sussex crest of a pig couchant with the motto 'I wun't be druv.' So that stubborn persons, such as you and I and you know who, are easily penned in the Sussex pound—why, even the most exquisite gentleman of us all has become a willing captive there, as the jolly old song testifies:

The Devil come to Sussex dunn a-many year ago,
He run up an' down the county—here an' there an' to an' fro,
He saw the land was sweet an' fair, an' fine in every way,
Says he, I'll settle here for life'—you'll find un there to-day!

This discourse has been suggested by *'Kipling's Sussex.'** by R. Thurston Hopkins, and by the March-April number of the *Poetry Review* (Sussex Number), which opens with a delightful essay on 'Sussex and the Poets,' by H. M. Walbrook, and contains a little anthology of new Sussex poems, which smells sweet as a bunch of newly-gathered primroses. Mr. Kipling, I think, must rank as the chief of The Sussex Poets. His Hobden is the best Sussex labourer in all fiction, not excepting Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's stories. Here is his portrait from 'The Land':

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird that flies,
Would I lose his large, sound counsel, miss his keen amending eyes.
He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-surveyor, engineer,
And if flagrantly a poacher—'tain't for me to interfere.

He is a lineal descendant of the silent toiler, who went on with his ploughing all day while the Battle of Hastings was being fought beyond the next ridge, but helped the white-handed, gold-haired Queen to find Harold's body in the darkness—it was not from the sea, so near at hand, that the salt savour in the air came and the strange, confused moaning that ceased only at sunrise! Hobden, like his ancestor, has a fine loyalty to beer, noble beer; he would never have admitted that a chap could get drunk on ale, any more than the Sussex policeman did when he had to *carry* a beer-drinker to the police station and yet gave evidence next morning to the effect that the prisoner 'was noways tossicated, but only a-concerned a leetle in liquor.' Why, in Sussex the habitual drunkard (on beer) is spoken of as a man who takes 'half-a-pint other-while.' And to take but one appropriate quotation (passing over Mr. Belloc, who can sing such a lusty stave in honour of brown liquid bread), did not a son of Rye, John Fletcher, majestically enjoin beer-drinking as a duty to God and man?

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow;
Best, while you have it, use your breath:
There is no drinking after death.

No wonder that Mr. Belloc exclaims:

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald

seeing in them incarnations of that Spirit of the Downs, which also in-

*Simpkin, Marshall, 12s. 6d. net.

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spired this whimsical, heart-teasing couplet from a trench in Flanders:

And we assault in an hour, and it's a silly thing:
I can't forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring.

Let me pass over the famous Sussex poets (among them Jasper Mayne, made Archdeacon of Chichester at the Restoration, who had the sombre intensity of Donne at times), and look at the little anthology of young singers and makers in the *Poetry Review*. Alas! that it is impossible to quote them all. The various aspects of Sussex scenery are praised in golden numbers; not so Brighton, which is really London against a countryside background, forgotten in her sedate magnificence:

Can there be yet a still more lovely thing
Than this steep street in the grey Georgian town,
So steep it reaches halfway to the sky,
Having been once a sheep-track on a Down?

It is the Downs, however, that dominate each song of life or love or death, and so let us close on a heavenly cadence with this epigram:

O green, translucent Downs!
Soft-shadowed, lifted high!
What magic fills you, that you stand,
Untouched by Time's relentless hand,
As God first breathed you on the morning sky?

BAD 'CESS TO THE WIDOWS AN' ALL!

BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

From *The Manchester Guardian*

(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

PERHAPS it was because, the night before, a gay laddo had whistled at the Widow Healy as he passed her on the road, and, when she looked back at him, had blown her an impertinent kiss; or maybe it was the glory-flare of the gorse which glimmered through the dusk that night and spoke to her of the yellow sunshine of life; or else it was the reminiscent scent of the gorse which put back the clock of her mind to her courting days with Healy in that very lane. Whatever it was, after an hour of steady reflection she raised a defiant head, and with one shake of her shoulders shook off the weight of forty dull years from her shawl, and with it her twenty years' record of sobriety in Ballybeg. She decided that twenty good years of her life had been wasted without courters, and that courters, therefore, she must have.

It was perhaps unfortunate, if not untypical of widows, that her premonitory choice fell on a 'promised' boy. It was partly that her instinct sensed a flaw of softness in James Hickey; partly that between herself and Delia Meahan, his promised wife, there had always existed an obscure competitive dislike.

So she kept her door open of an evening till that hour when young Hickey was passing by alone. Mrs. Healy had cut her finger deeply the day before, and as James lunged heavily toward her, the very flower of ingenuity bloomed suddenly in her

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closely shawled head, and she tore off the sticking rag with such force that the wound bled freshly again.

'Och!' she called out at the top of her voice. 'I have the top cut off of me finger with a p'isoned traycle tin, and how will I hold it on?'

At that, James Hickey lunged into the house, the big lump of good-natured softness that he was. But, as the widow stooped and tore a rag from her petticoat, at the sight of the blood he sickened and turned away.

'You'll get the lock-jars with the dint of the p'isoned gore, ma'am.' James said faintly, and sat down trembling, on a chair.

'An ye'll set down on' watch me gettin' 'em, is it?' the widow railed with coquetry at him. Soon, James Hickey was stirring a sugary cup of her tea, and what could he do but fall in with her chat and go on nodding his head?

'And do you cross yourself, now, when you do be meeting her first thing of a morning?' she continued in her railing voice.

'Why would I do that, ma'am?' James Hickey asked.

'Did you never hear tell them red-haired girls is awfully unlucky?' Mrs. Healy cried, setting the small shawl she always wore upon her head more closely round her face. She clapped down a faded photograph beside his cup, and continued, standing over him, her hands upon her hips.

'Look at that for a lovely boy!' said Mrs. Healy, 'God help us!—he had a red-haired wife, and whatever he'd set about would go bandy on him, whether his cows'd slip a calf, or he'd get an odd gripe every day, or what, till he wandered the whole of Ireland to try could he get shut of her, and she always after him, till he set his heart on meself; and when he heard I was a wedded wife, he thr'un himself in the duck-pond, and when they took him out, there was yards of green duck-weed and a drake's fedder in his hair.'

James Hickey rose, and went unsteadily to the door. 'That was a frightful thing!—'t would give you the creeps!' he said.

''T would so!' said Mrs. Healy, 'and if you loves them kind of stories, James, come back to me some evenin' and I'll tell you more.'

And when James was gone, the widow was filled with a glorious surprise that she had cut so deep a notch in his credulity, and that the craft of putting the 'Come-hither' on a man still welled up freshly in her practised heart. 'But now,' said she to herself, 'what good is in one? I should get two or three, for to make the first come on!'

So, presently, it went all round Ballybeg that young Hickey never crossed Delia's door these times, and that himself, and old McSweeney, and Johnnie deCourcy were always going up to Mrs. Healy's place, and that they were all saying there wasn't a finer woman in it than what Mrs. Healy was. And as to Delia Meahan, it was a pity for her, but it was true for James, what he was saying—Delia had no luck.

Then Delia followed John deCourcy one dark night, as he went up the widow's lane with something in his hand, and old McSweeney joined him, with a swaying bucket in his grip, and last of all James Hickey joined the two and all went into the widow's house.

'Look at here, ma'm!' said young deCourcy, opening his red handkerchief, out of which fell pellets of dark mold. 'I have brought you a fern for your winder. I dug it out o' the side of the mountain stream.'

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'Well, aren't you the boy!' said Mrs. Healy.

'And I've brought you the fill of me hand of dillusk!' said James, taking red sea-weed from his pocket.

'And what did I bring you, but the fill of a pig-bucket,' announced McSweeney, 'an' the promise of the lavings from the priest's own house. And I'll do that much for you every day, so I will!'

'Wisha, good luck to yez all!' said the Widow Healy.

'What'd be the good of a pig-bucket,' said James, 'when she haven't the pig!'

Upon which, Mrs. Healy stopped her trumphant face to James's ear and whispered into it, alluringly, 'No, but now I have the promise of the pig-bucket, maybe I'd get the pig!'

It was at this psychological moment that Delia broke into the circle, just as Mrs. Healy's arm was creeping round James's neck.

'Bad 'cess to you, ma'am!' she cried, 'for tempting me promised boy with your pig-buckets up to me nose!'

'Cross yourself now, James, for she have no luck!' railed Mrs. Healy, standing her ground.

'Arrah, what luck?' cried Delia, at inspired random. 'I'll go bail she have a fine red poll herself—puttin' the Eye on all of you!'

And suddenly, she seized the widow by the shawl she always wore about her face and tore it from her head, disclosing to the eyes of the three men a mat of sandy-red hair.

'Wasn't I right now!' she screamed, 'and aren't ye the big fools sittin' here till she have yez all overlooked? Wasn't McSweeney telling me himself, the las' time he come out of her door, he fell down a bog-hole and lamed his knee?'

'It is true for her,' said McSweeney, suddenly awe-struck. The men turned and murmured amongst themselves.

'Weren't you always telling me you're carrying a fish-bone in your gullet that you can't get shut of?' de Courcy said, and turned to James.

But James had disappeared through the half-open door. The company, dispersing, beheld him flying through Ballybeg; and that night the widow stood at one end of the village, and Delia Meahan at the other, to catch him as he slunk back to the town. But James Hickey never came back to Ballybeg that night, nor any other night. And they are saying in the village that James Hickey is still running round Ireland, and the Widow Healy runs one way, and Delia Meahan the other. And still, and for all that, they never catch James Hickey.

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THE ART OF JAROSLAV HNEVKOVSKY

BY BERNADETTE MURPHY

From *The New Witness, March* 25

(NATIONALIST AND CHESTERTONIAN WEEKLY)

THE biographical introductory note, or preface, to the catalogue of an art exhibition fulfils the functions of a guide with a megaphone. Presumably, the work to be seen is not sufficiently interesting in itself; the artist, as a man, must be presented to the public by a fellow-artist or a literary friend in a pen-picture in the catalogue. In summer parties of Americans may be seen touring London in motor *chars-a-bancs*. As they whirl along, buildings of historical interest are pointed out to them by an official with a megaphone; they are allowed to alight at the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral. The by-ways are avoided, even the old city churches merely glanced at, and the beauty of streets, of squares, of open spaces is disregarded utterly. No attention is paid to the architectural values of any building the tourists examine; the only thrill understood and insisted on is that awakened by a knowledge of its history.

So in the preface to the catalogue the life-history of the artist, with the early struggles accentuated, his character with its attendant crop of eccentricities, his manner of living, his tastes, even his personal appearence are all discovered to the reader in the evident hope that even if his work does not merit attention, the man himself will excite curiosity. Such a foreword creates a prejudice in the visitor's mind, and dulls by a haze of sentimentality any critical faculties he possesses.

In the catalogue of paintings by Jaroslav Hnevkovsky, of Prague, an account is given of the many adventures which befel the painter whilst collecting material for this exhibition. We are told that he lived solely 'on the booty of fishing-rod and gun' in the jungle in Ceylon; that he adopted 'the simple loin cloth' as costume; that he arrived at the same degree of intimacy with the natives as Ganguin enjoyed in Tahiti; that upon his return to Prague 'just before the outbreak of the great war' he hunger-struck to avoid fighting 'under the hated Hapsburg flag,' and in consequence of the severe strain this imposed on his constitution he is now austerely haggard in appearance. He shaves his head in the manner of Buddhist priests, and is very reserved by nature; his brother is a doctor; he had a devoted friend who accompanied him on his wanderings. This friend fell ill of malaria fever and Hnevkovsky was left to face the unknown jungle life alone.

It is a romantic story, but it has nothing to do with the quality of the artist's work any more than the tale of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot has any bearing upon the structural excellence of the House of Commons. The recitation of either tale disposes the mind to be interested subjectively and not objectively, and for this reason establishes a false standard

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of criticism, which has sentimentality for its basis.

Judging Hnevkovsky's work by this faulty standard, and allowing the mind to be drugged by the glamour the catalogue casts over the man, his paintings please because of their vigorous colour and original subject-matter, but examined carefully and appraised as works of art, they are devoid of any true æsthetic value. They are defective in technique, which is only a venial sin; they are monotonous in design, which is disappointing when the possibilities of all those golden nudes in tropical settings are realised; and they are superficial in conception, which is the gravest spiritual crime any artist can be guilty of. That Hnevkovsky has not acquired as yet mechanical skill in his *metier* is evident in his treatment of figures. 'Indian Holy Night' is the most obvious example of this bad draughtsmanship, but all the nudes, except those in No. 5, lack solidity, lack reality. He is at his best in No. 7, 'The Valley of Love,' but it is the landscape background in this painting which is the pleasantest piece of work in the exhibition, and not the sun-dappled woman in the foreground. He has a certain engaging simplicity of execution—a simplicity which is far removed from deliberate simplification of form. A severe training in realistically accurate drawing is necessary before any artist can learn what is essential and what unnecessary to his drawing, and Hnevkovsky gives no evidence of having profited by such an appreticeship. One impression seems to have remained vividly in his memory—the extraordinary beauty of the nude body against a background of luxuriant foliage—and when he set to work in Prague to compose paintings from sketches made and notes taken in Ceylon, he merely reproduced this memory over and over again.

He does not concern himself at all with subtleties of light and shade, with colour-analysis, with the structural balance of design; it appears to be only the obvious contrast of brown bodies against green fern-fronds which stimulated his imagination and moved him to self-expression. The result betrays a theatrical, a superficial quality of mind—the subjective. The 'literary' interest is aroused—the gentleman with the megaphone is called in. . . . Even the titles of the paintings are chosen with discrimination. 'In the Depths of the Jungle,' 'A Yellow Venus,' 'The Return from the Hunt,' 'In the Valley of Love,' 'A Wild Man's Paradise.' It all helps to create an atmosphere, but it has nothing to do with art.

The most important fact about Hnekovsky as a painter is that he displays a strongly-developed feeling for the decorative value of broad colour. This decorative sense should enable him to construct a striking *mise-en-scene* for the theatre, but it hampers him when composing pictures. He relies upon vehement colour contrast rather than upon delicate tone values for his effect, and the result is dramatically successful, but also somewhat coarse.

This characteristic is intelligible so long as the biographical details the catalogue supplies are borne in mind, but it seems senseless when observed from the point of view of painting.

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AN EMINENT UN-VICTORIAN: SIR RICHARD BURTON

From *The Observer, March* 13

(LONDON MIDDLE GROUND LIBERAL DAILY)

It was thirty years last October since Sir Richard Burton died, and it will be a century next Saturday since he was born. 'One of the real great ones of England he might have been,' said his fellow explorer, Stanley, 'if he had not been cursed with cynicism.' But it would be truer to say that what his defects frustrated was not his greatness, but the appreciation of it. His life was full in everything except rewards, and if these are the measure of a man, history will have to be much altered.

We cannot blame the Victorians for being a little shy of Burton and always ready to shelve him. He was not of their breed or scale. His energy was on the engine rather than the human plan. He went through a new language or other field of facts like a reaping machine. His temperament was pure Renaissance. The demon of curiosity drove him about the world insatiable of knowledge and experience. That his faithful body stood nearly seventy years of it says much for what it started with. 'I shall never forget Richard as he was then,' says Lady Burton, of two years before their marriage. 'He had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralysed and partially blind; he was a mere skeleton, with brown-yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding and his lips drawn away from his teeth.' That was the price of his Medinah and Mecca pilgrimage, of penetrating to the inviolate Harar of the Somalis and of discovering Lake Tanganyika. One can realise an Othello's wooing. A world-wide Empire should have been able, one would suppose, to use 'so large a spirit' in deepest consequence. But 'at the age of forty he found himself at home, with the rank of captain, no pay, no pension, plenty of fame, a newly-married wife, and a small consulate in the most pestilential climate with 700 pounds a year.' And so it was, with variations, to the end.

Everything conspired to put Burton out of tune with his age. He had the passion for large gestures and glowing impressions which made English society and officialism uncomfortable. As a child he had drifted about the Continent with nomadic parents and, coming to England for education, he had developed too far to take on a respect for poky conventions or to pay the deference due to individuals and institutions. He always enjoyed startling respectability with touches of raw robustness either from primitive lands or from his own sympathetic imagination. 'I can quite well remember longing to kill the porter at five years old.' 'Like most boys of strong imagination and acute feeling, I was a resolute and unblushing liar.' One can watch him looking for the shudder as he writes how the King of Dahomey gave him 'a necklace of human bones for his favourite squaw.' He was all himself in assuring an inquisitorial mother that his intentions with regard to her

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daughter were, 'I regret to say, strictly dishonorable.' His own connivance must have done a good deal to build up the conception of him as an amateur barbarian which stood in the way of his advancement. Yet 'his own modest confession was that he never killed a man in his life, and one can imagine that he made it with a certain regret.' The plain dealer and the sardonic artist in him waged a constant intermittent warfare.

The passion for the wild must have become Burton's master in any case, but it was accentuated by his revulsion from English Victorian ways. He went as a cadet to the Indian Army, and it is the most singular irony of this daring, adventurous, combative man's life that he was never to see any fighting, saving in the night attack on his camp in Somaliland, when his cheeks were transfixed by a spear. He practised swordsmanship hard, and wrote books on the use of that weapon and the bayonet. But his pre-Mutiny comrades could make nothing of this man 'with the brow of a god, and the jaw of a devil,' who made it his business to learn all native languages, and would for long spells lead the life of a 'white nigger' in order to get to the very heart of the races among whom he sojourned. Since the Mutiny arose from the administrative ignorance of all those things for which Burton showed a devouring passion, it might have been thought that no one's services would have been more eagerly utilized there, after the calamity, and as soon as he was available. But that was never to be. Officialism got a black mark against his name early, and as sure as active service came within sight it was switched out of his reach. With nine languages at his disposal, his application to join the Second Sikh War as an interpreter was refused! The chief fruit of his seven years in India was that, having been appointed by Sir Charles Napier to the Scinde Survey, he 'gutted,' in an intellectual sense, that Mohammedan province.

Home in England in bad health, he brooded upon the great adventure of the Mecca pilgrimage, and in 1853 achieved the feat described in the most celebrated of his many books. It is a narrative without graces. In no literary sense can it be compared with such a work as *Eothen*. It is in some ways a throw-back to the Tudor voyagers who wrote their prose painfully, repeated the wrestle of their performances. There is a levelness of recital which brings the more momentous passages upon the reader suddenly as if he had collided with someone in turning a corner. But those passages gain a strong fascination with familiarity, from the antithesis between the neutral diction and the palpitating matter—the fight upon the poop of the pilgrim ship, the description of the Bedouin children ('fierce-looking babies with faces all eyes'), the stoning of the Devil, and the tense emotions of the sermont on Mount Ararat. The sustained disguise of five months was the supreme laurel of an Orientalist, as well as a proof that requires no comment of nerve and endurance. Less than a year saw him embarked on an enterprise scarcely less perilous —the penetration of Harar, a city superstitiously guarded by the Somalis from European intrusion. This feat, accomplished in the garb of an Arab merchant, was the prelude to what was to have been an expedition to the Upper Nile in company with Speke and two other officers of the Indian Army, but the latter had scarcely started when a native night attack left one of the party dead, Speke wounded

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in eleven places, and Burton with the injury already described. The undertaking had become imposible.

It was with Speke that Burton was to achieve his principal feat of African exploration, to reach the pinnacle of his public career, and to become sidetracked with the reputation of a 'difficult' man. With Burton in chief command and Speke as his lieutenant, their expedition left the east coast of Africa in the summer of 1857 to seek for the sources of the Nile. Eight months later they discovered Lake Tanganyika, and on the return journey Speke was sent on a detour to verify the rumor of a great lake to the northward—Victoria Nyanza, which he proclaimed (Burton dissenting) to be the Nile's true source. The nervous strain of exploration has often ended in personal feud, and it would be fruitless to try and trace the sources of the quarrel that broke out between the two men on their return to civilisation. Speke came to England while Burton lay ill at Aden, and the latter thought his colleague had forestalled him in reaping the credit due to their joint labours. Speke, at any rate, was commissioned to make a second journey with Grant, in the course of which his theory of Nilotic geography was fully established. Burton fell somewhat in the shade while he wrote his own book, and courted a lady, whose mother objected that he 'was not a Christian and had no money.' The feud, prolonged through a year or two, had a strange and tragic climax. The two explorers, it had been arranged, were to meet in discussion at the Bath meeting of the British Association in 1864. They had both sat upon the platform upon the previous day, and Lady Burton's account (to be received with caution) depicts Speke as wrought with an embarrassment suggestive of remorse for ingratitude. At the appointed hour next day the meeting assembled, only to receive the agitating announcement that Speke, while out shooting that morning, had had a fatal accident.

Thenceforth Burton was officially treated as a man who was too important to ignore but unsuitable for really responsible employment. He was moved about from one Consulate to another—Fernando Po, Santos, Damascus, Trieste. His consolations were a worshipping wife, generous facilities for travel, and an untiring pen. From Fernando Po he made the first ascent of the Cameroons; from Santos he crossed the Andes; from Damascus he made the journey with Drake and Palmer which found the first Hittite remains. At moments when no 'trail' offered itself in a more direct fashion he visited Salt Lake City and Iceland. His term of office at Damascus (where such a man ought to have been a valuable counterpoise to anti-British influences in the Near East), ended mysteriously—through the intrigues, it was suggested, of usurers who had enjoyed protection as our 'nationals.' Whatever the official reasons may have been, it was the stroke which might well have clinched his 'cynicism.' His heart was in the East, with its wide spaces, its thronging memories and its suggestions of free-moving force and human dignity. 'There were only two titles,' his wife said, 'he would care to have: firstly, the old family baronetcy, and the other to be created Duke of Midian.'

He revenged himself upon convention by preparing his unexpurgated and remorselessly annotated translation of the *Arabian Nights* and remarking that it was the first of all his labours that had made him rich. 'Now that I know the tastes of England, we need never be without money.'

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THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND

BY DR. SUDHINDRA BOSE

From *The Modern Review, March*
(CALCUTTA NATIVE MONTHLY.)

THE English are right. They cannot be understood by a foreigner. I have, however, found them to be far from being reserved, as is frequently alleged. Judging by the men and women I have met in hotels, streets, 'tubes', parks, and other public places, the English are among the most talkative people of the world. Indeed the trouble is not that they are too reserved, but they are too talkative. 'Subscribers', the London telephone directory finds it necessary to warn its patrons, 'should not engage the telephonists in long conversation.'

As a conversationist, the Englishman is earnest and fluent, though not always convincing. It is, however, difficult to understand him at times. His accents are so peculiar, and his habit of slurring over certain letters is so common, that a newly arrived American is not always sure as to what the Englishman is talking about. A cigar store in London, which is located in Oxford Street, has put up the following sign: 'AMERICAN IS SPOKEN HERE.'

The English are not very much of a newspaper reading public. With many of them, the newspaper is a luxury and not a necessity. During the Christmas holidays the whole Fleet Street went to sleep for three days. England, the controller of the destinies of nearly one half of the human race, had no newspaper for practically four days. The British people, in spite of such fine press bandits as Lord Northcliffe and Horatio Bottomley, had to depend for four long days on gossip and rumour for their news. What a medieval life the British have still to live!

Contrary to the prevailing notion in India, the natives of England are not all haughty and arrogant. Your average Englishman does try to be polite. Instances of his politeness are to be found frequently. How courteous is the conductor of the London bus! You give him three and half pence pronounced 'thru pence hefnie' and he says: 'Thank you, sir.' He hands you up the ticket and again he says: 'Thank you, sir.' There seems to be no reason why he should say, 'Thank you, sir,' but it is rather pleasant to have him say that.

No doubt some of this politeness is formal, artificial. I heard a man disagreeing with a lecturer at a Hyde Park meeting exclaim, 'It is a damned lie, sir.' I also heard a London cabdriver near Russell Square scold his horse, 'Move on, please.'

Inconsistency is a prominent trait of the English character. At Oxford and Cambridge Universities there are many regulations which appear to me a bit puzzling. One of their rules is that that they must not frequent public houses. Does this mean that they are expected to be teetotallers? Not much! Students can not only have as much liquor shipped into their rooms as their pocket-books will allow, but even in

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the college dining halls, presided over by professors and tutors, they can drink to their heart's content anything they like.

Another instance of inconsistency. While I was being entertained at a luncheon by one of the Masters at Eton College, I was told of the democratic ways of the young Prince Henry, son of King George. This young man on entering Eton was asked to sign his name in official books. Without a moment's hesitation Prince Henry shed his royalty and wrote over the dotted lines, 'P. Henry'. As an inmate of one of the College houses, he was required to 'fag'. The fagging consisted in running such errands for the boys in the upper classes as mailing letters, carrying trousers to the tailor for pressing, or taking shoes to the Cobbler for repair. So far, so good.

Now, at Cambridge I came upon a situation which appeared to me very undemocratic. There degrees are still withheld from successful women students. They are members of the Cambridge university in the very real sense of the terms; but it simply ignores their academic existence. I was informed by several professors and students that the object of such a policy is to discourage women from entering Cambridge. To us who have been brought up under the more liberal co-educational American system, the Cambridge plan of excluding women just because they are women seems to be very illiberal and undemocratic.

It is true that there is no iron-clad caste system in England; but marked cleavages of social distinction do exist. Class distinctions are deeply imbedded into the English consciousness. Indeed, an Englishman seems to be as incapable of getting along without his social labels as a South Sea islander without his tattoos. Then, too, the English are very particular about the right tag on the right person. 'Who are some of the most important gentlemen in this place?' I asked my landlord in one of the southern English villages I happened to be in. 'No gentry here, sir,' he replied with a solemn shrug of his shoulder. 'The rector might have been a gentry, but he is not. His wife, sir, was a nurse.'

After such experiences one is tempted to say that the only word which describes what the English people fondly call their democracy is humbug, and no word is perhaps more flourishing in England than humbug.

From interviews with scores and scores of public men in and out of Parliament I do not hesitate to say that democracy or no democracy, Englishmen almost without an exception is an imperialist at heart. The world and the fullness thereof belong to the Englishman and to him alone. Don't mistake about that. He is the best man alive. His government and institutions are the finest. He must extend the boundaries of the empire. He must rule the waves. He is not the person to have much compunction in claiming other people's property as his own. 'I must first visit *my* Indian possession,' said a little girl of seven when asked by a friend of mine what she would do when she grew up. Imperialism is in the very blood of the Englisher. You can no more make an internationalist out of him than you can make black white.

This leads me to say a word about the Indian propaganda in England. The Indian National Congress has been spending in this work, on an average, about three thousand pounds a year. It is now budgeted to raise the amount to four thousand. This is

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not a very large sum, perhaps; but from an attentive study of the subject I am convinced of the futility of trying to win English sympathy for the Indian cause. The British people take little interest in affairs of India, and much less in her political emancipation. Indian political meetings in London, meetings which are usually described in papers at home as 'crowded up to the doors,' as a 'huge success,' are meetings which are often attended only by Indians and a handful of English people. They are already convinced, or are beyond conversion and redemption.

In any case, even when the Indian meetings are 'largely attended' by the British, they are almost sure to be socialists, laborites, and other radical elements. The rank and file of the British voters, as a rule, keep aloof from such gatherings. Last year two meetings were arranged for Indian delegates,—one at Manchester and another at Liverpool. How many were there at these meetings? There were 89 people at the Manchester meeting, and 29 at the Liverpool. Again a meeting was called at Bristol, August, 1920. The expenses of the meeting ran to eighty pounds and the audience numbered by actual count 79, mostly laborites, a class of radicals who are already with India. Of what earthly benefit is it to convert the converted? Besides, is it not too much to spend a pound for each man that comes to the meeting?

In some of the localities the British people go so far as to prevent, by hook or crook, an expression of Indian opinion. At the time I was in Glasgow I came to know that the Indian colony in that city, time and again, found it hard to rent a room to hold public meetings. Even such a 'non-denominational' institution as the Glasgow Y. M. C. A. positively refused the use of its halls for a fair price to hold a memorial meeting in honour of the Lokamanya Tilak. And the Indian people in Glasgow had to go without a meeting for want of room.

Compare this attitude of the Britishers to India with that of the Americans to the Philippines. In 1918 the Philippine legislature decided to send a delegation to the United States asking for complete independence. The delegation was brought over to America in a special United States gun-boat. And when the members of the delegation reached Washington, the Congress met in a joint session to listen to their pleas for full self-government. Nor was this all. Public meetings were held up and down the continent, and every facility was afforded to present the Philippine question from the Philippine point of view.

Arnold Bennett in his latest book, *Our Women,* blandly asserts that 'intellectually and creatively man is the superior of woman.' Is that so? I wonder if an American man of letters of the front rank could be guilty of such a masculine vanity. But perhaps Englishmen have ample reason to be dissatisfied with their women. As I went along Piccadilly, up Regent Street, and along Kingsway, I was impressed by the fact that in comparison with American women, very few of the English women were well-dressed. They lacked something in the way of exquisite taste in dress. The general impression forced on my reluctant mind was that of dowdiness.

Slovenliness in dress is not, however, confined to women alone. At Cambridge I saw a noted professor appear before the class in a seedy patched-up coat.

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To return to English women. Arnold Bennett is by no means the only man in England who says that women are men's inferior. Morever, there are English laws in the statute books which say practically the same thing. Even to this day, according to the English law, it is much safer to beat one's wife than to kill preserved game. A man may show outward deference, or even argue with you if you suggested that his wife is not his equal, yet he has at heart one law for himself and another for the wife. As an instance of this, look at the English divorce laws, which are nothing if not one-sided. It is difficult to see how they can fail to encourage immorality. Here are some of the actual facts of the English matrimonial law as presented in a recent issue of the London *Illustrated Sunday Herald* by Gilbert Frankau, a gifted writer and a man of the world:

A man may live with another woman from Monday till Saturday. Provided he returns to his wife on Sunday, she cannot divorce him. Her only remedy is a 'legal separation.' And a legal separation means that she has no right to marry.

A man or woman may be a confirmed drunkard, a testified lunatic, a reprieved murderer doing twenty years in gaol. That man or woman's legal mate has no redress whatever under the law.

A man may beat his wife black and blue every night; may torture her mentally, morally and physically. Provided he has not proved 'unfaithful,' his wife cannot claim a divorce.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America early in the seventeenth century, it is said that they had no end of troubles with the Red Indians. So to this day a common saying in America is that 'the only good Indian is a dead Indian.' When I landed in England, one of the first persons I called upon was Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. 'The soul of England,' she told me with a touch of sadness in her eyes, 'is in the Westminister Abbey.' I wonder what she had in her mind.

England's heart—if it has any—must be in cold storage. I am forced to distrust its sham 'fair play.' One cold morning I noticed a poor old woman digging into a garbage can in front of our hotel, and hungrily picking up scraps of discarded food. The sight was too much for me. I went and gave her a little money. When the hotel residents discovered what I had done, they had little but ill-concealed scorn for me. 'These beggars are all wretches. They should never be helped,' was their gratuitous advice.

Ye land-grabbers and bible-mongers!

A few days later I 'folded my tent' and started for a trip to the continent. As I was leaving my hotel, the proprietor asked:

'What do you think of our country now?'

No answer.

'What is your general impression of England?' he repeated.

'Oh, it isn't so bad.'

I seized my hat and coat, and turned to go. He followed me to the door, and as my taxi started for the Victoria Station, I heard him plead:

'If you ever come to England again, if ever you come back. . . .'

'If I come back! Oh, indeed, if I come back. . . .'

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NEW SHELLEY MANUSCRIPTS

BY WALTER EDWIN PECK

From *The Athenaeum, March* 19

(LONDON LITERARY WEEKLY)

THROUGH the very great kindness of W. T. Spencer, Esq., of 27, New Oxford Street, owner of the MSS., and that of Sir John Shelley-Rolls, holder of the copyright, I have lately been enabled to transcribe a considerable body of unpublished Shelley MSS., the first of which are presented to the public in the article following. The variant readings from the Bodleian MS. of Mary Shelley's drama of *Proserpine,* and some other passages from that MS., so far unpublished, are given by the kind consent of Bodley's Librarian.

I

Letter from Shelley to Hunt, November, 1819.

(First complete text, from the holograph original.)

On September 20th, 1819, Hunt wrote Shelley a letter which, with one other written on the 12th of the same month, was delayed in posting till October 20th. In this he informed Shelley that the box of various articles which Mary Shelley had requested Marianne (Mrs. Leigh) Hunt to send to Florence, Italy, had not yet gone forward, but would be sent soon. He also announced that he was 'refreshing' himself 'with translating that delightful compromise of art with nature, Tasso's "Aminta." To this letter Shelley replied in a letter already published in part by Mr. Roger Ingpen, but which, in the complete form now published, contains additional matter totalling more than 225 words (the new matter, for the reader's convenience, being bracketed) :—

My Dear Friend,

Two letters, both bearing the date Oct. 20, arrive on the same day; one is always glad of twins.

We hear of a box arrived at Genoa with books and clothes; it must be yours. Meanwhile the babe is wrapped in flannel petticoats, and we get on with him as we can. He is small [but] healthy, and pretty. Mary is recovering rapidly. Marianne, I hope, is quite [recovered].

You do not tell me whether you have received my lines on the Manchester affair. They are of the exoteric species, and are meant not for the *Indicator,* but the *Examiner.* I would send for the former if you like some letters on such subjects of art as suggest themselves in Italy. Perhaps I will, at a venture, send you a specimen of what I mean next post. I enclose you in this a piece for the *Examiner;* or let it share the fate, whatever that fate may be, of the 'Masque of Anarchy.'

I am sorry to hear that you have employed yourself in translating the Aminta, though I doubt not it will be a just and beautiful translation. You ought to write Amintas. You ought to exercise your fancy in the perpetual creation of new forms of gentleness and beauty. [You are formed to be a living fountain & not a canal

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however clear. When I read your nymphs, which is a poem original & intense, conceived with the clearest sense of ideal beauty & executed with the fullest and most flowing lyrical power, & yet defined with the most intelligible outline of thought and language, I envy Tasso his translator because it deprives us of a poet.—I speak rather of the nymphs than of the Story of Rimini; because the former is in my judgment more intensely and perfectly a poem, in the sense in which Tasso speaks of Poetry 'Non c'e creatore fuorche Iddio ed il Poeta' the latter affects the passions & searches the understanding more completely, but the former appeals to the Imagination, who is the master of them both, their God, & their Spirit by which they live and are.—]

With respect to translation, even *I* will not be seduced by it; although the Greek plays, and some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted) are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the grey veil of my own words. And you know me too well to suspect that I refrain from [the] belief that what I would substitute for them would deserve the regret which yours would [deserve] if suppressed. I have confidence in my moral sense alone; but that is a kind of originality. I have only translated the Cyclops of Euripides when I could absolutely do nothing else—and the Symposium of Plato, which is the delight and astonishment of all who read it; I mean the original, or so much of the original as is seen in my translation, not the translation itself.

[I do not wish it to be published that I am coming in the spring; for reasons which you can readily guess.]

I think I have an accession of strength since my residence in Italy, though the disease itself in the side, whatever it may be, is not subdued. Some day we shall all return from Italy. I fear that in England things will be carried violently by the rulers, and [that] they will not have learned to yield in time to the spirit of the age. The great thing to do is to hold the balance between popular impatience and tyrannical obstinacy; to inculcate with fervour both the right of resistance, and the duty of forbearance. You know my principles incite me to take all the good I can get in politics, for ever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who [am] ready to be partially satisfied [by] all that is practicable. We shall see.

Give Bessie a thousand thanks from me for writing out in that pretty neat hand your kind and powerful defence. Ask [her] what she would like best from Italian land. We mean to bring you all something; and Mary and I have been wondering what it shall be. Do you each of you choose.

[The 'Julian & Maddalo' I do not know how ought to be published. What do you think best to do with it? Do as you like. The Prometheus I wish to be printed and to come out immediately. I think you will be pleased over the spirit in which it is written.]

Adieu my dear friend.

Yours Affectionately ever,

P. B. S.

(Addressed outside:—) Leigh Hunt, Esqr., 'Examiner' Office; 19, Catharine St., Strand, London, Engleterre. (Postmarked:—) Firenze (and) F.P. O. DE.2 1819.

The reference, in paragraph four, to 'your nymphs,' was provoked by

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Shelley's reading Hunt's poem by that title, which was the longest poem in *Foliage* (1818). Grounded in Greek mythology as this poem is, it may be profitably compared with the work of Keats and Shelley in this sort, about the same period. Shelley's enthusiasm for the poem was of long standing. On March 22nd, 1818, he had written Hunt: 'What a delightful poem "The Nymphs" is! especially the second part. It is truly *poetical,* in the intense and emphatic sense of the word.' As to Hunt's disposition of 'Julian and Maddalo,' which Shelley suggests in the letter, the poem did not, of course, appear until 1824 (*Posthumous Poems*).

II

Shelley's Correction in the Original Draft of Mary's Two-Act Drama of 'Proserpine' (1820).

Among the Spencer MSS. is one, a fragment of the original draft of Mary Shelley's two-act drama (unpublished; the final and complete draft, in Mary's autograph, is in the Shelley Collection in the Bodleian Library) on *Proserpine.* This drama, and another of the same length on *Midas,* were, says Medwin, in his *Revised Life* of Shelley, done by Mary in the winter of 1820-1821 at Pisa. The Spencer fragment, also in Mary's autograph, has been corrected throughout by Shelley, and is, therefore, important, as the so far neglected MS. of Edward Williams's play, *The Promise,* is important as indicating what wonders Shelley wrought even on the least promising material, lifting the commonplace to the realm of magic, and the dead word to a note of music.

In order that the speeches of Ino and Eunoe may be better understood, I mention the fact that in the Bodleian MS. of Act I. of Mrs. Shelley's drama, Ceres mother of Proserpine, being obliged to visit the gods, leaves her daughter in the care of Ino and Eunoe, who are described in the *Dramatis Personae* at the beginning of the Bodleian MS. as 'Nymphs attending upon Proserpine.' The three become separated, however, as they roam about, picking flowers on the Plain of Enna in Sicily. The scene is described in the Bodleian MS. as 'a beautiful plain, shadowed on one side by an overhanging rock, on the other a chestnut wood. Aetna at a Distance.' When Ino and Eunoe meet again, after a little while, they miss Proserpine, and, suddenly fearful of her fate, they are in doubt whether to seek her or to fly from the righteous wrath of Ceres. In a few moments Ceres returns, and learning of her loss, upbraids the unfaithful nymphs and directs that an immediate search be instituted. This ends the first act.

The fragment of the original draft of the next act, now among the Spencer MSS., reads as follows, all words in Shelley's autograph being enclosed, for the reader's information, in brackets:—

ACT II.

Scene:

The Plain of Enna, as before.
[INO] HYMERA* & EUNOE.

EUNOE.

How weary am I!—and the hot sun burns* [flushes]
My cheeks that else were white with fear & grief
Ere* [E'er] since that fatal eve, dear Hymera* [sister nymph],
On which we lost our lovely Proserpine,
I have but wept and watched the livelong night,
And all the day have wandered thro' the woods.

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HYMERA* [INO.]
How all has changed since that unhappy eve!
Ceres forever weeps seeking her child,
And in her rage has struck the land with blight;
Trinacria mourns with her—its fertile fields
Are dry and barren—and my* [all] little streams
Struggling, scarce creeps† within its* [their] altered banks,
The flowers that once were wont with bended heads
To gaze within its clear and glassy wave,
Have died, unwatered by its failing stream.
And yet their hue but mocks the deeper grief
Which is the fountain of these bitterest* [bitter] tears.‡
Methinks I read glad tidings in your looks,
Your smiles are the swift messengers that bear
The tale of coming joy which we, alas!
Can answer but with tears unless you bring
Solace* To our grief [solace], hope to our despair.
And* [Dark blight is showered from her looks of sorrow]

The Bodleian MS. of this drama displays several passages of marked force and beauty. Thus, for example, Ino relates how Proserpine

—wandered in Elysian groves,
Through bowers forever green, and mossy walks,
Where flowers never die, nor wind disturbs
The sacred calm, whose silence soothes the dead,
Nor interposing clouds, with dun wings, dim
Its mild and silver light.

When one compares such passages, however, with the average level of the play one is inclined to believe that Shelley's hand must have been more than slightly exerted in touching up the earlier drafts of these passages, else they would scarcely have attained to this poetic level.

*Words starred thus have been cancelled by Shelley.
† s deleted by Shelley.
‡After line 17 of the Spencer MS., the Bodleian MS. reads:

EUN: 'This fairest Arethuse,
A stranger naiad; yet you know her well.
INO: My eyes were blind with tears—
Enter Arethusa.
dear Arethuse,
Methinks I read glad tidings in your eyes,
Your smiles are the swift messengers that bear
A tale of coming joy, which we, alas!
Can answer but with tears, unless you bring
To our grief solace, Hope to our despair.
Have you found Proserpine? or know you where
The loved nymph wanders, hidden from our search?
ARETH: Where is corn-crowned Ceres? I have hastened
To ease her anxious heart.
EUN: Oh! dearest Naiad,
Herald of joy! Now will great Ceres bless
Thy welcome coming and more welcome tale.
INO: Since that unhappy day when Ceres lost
Her much-loved child, she wanders through the isle;
Dark blight is showered from her looks of sorrow;—

III

Letter from Shelley to Hunt, June 24, 1822.

Shelley, on June 19th, 1822, advised Hunt that had he learned of his arrival at Genoa sooner (Hunt's letter, written on ship-board at Genoa on the 15th, had gone to Pisa, and been forwarded to Shelley at Lerici) he might have ventured to meet him at Genoa; but that, as they might pass each other at sea should he attempt it, he would not go to Genoa. 'I shall therefore set off for Leghorn the moment that I hear you have sailed,' he promised his friend. But, as Thornton Hunt

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informs us, 'the vessel was detained at Genoa to discharge part of its cargo, and it did not reach Leghorn until the beginning of July.' When he learned of the impending delay, Hunt must have written Shelley concerning it; and on receipt of this news Shelley wrote the following hitherto unpublished letter (probably on June 24th, which was a Monday):—

Lerico. Monday.

My dear friend,

I have received a bill for 37 pounds for you from your nephew, which I send by this post to Messrs. Guebhard & Co., Bankers, Leghorn, who will pay you the amount on your arrival there. The other 30 pounds you shall have when we meet: or within a few days afterwards, but I have been obliged to employ it in housekeeping. I can scarcely pardon myself for having alarmed you by my silence. But I relied on your being better off than fortune seems ever to permit a person of generous feelings to be—but we must try to cure fortune of this antipathy.

This morning, on the receipt of your letter, I was on the point of setting sail to Genoa, in the hope of arriving there before Tuesday evening. I prepared my boat, rigged up all the sails, laid in provisions, & Williams had already gone on board to weigh anchor, when poor Mary suffered a relapse, which though in the issue not serious was sufficient to warn me of the necessity of remaining with her for the present. She is now much better, although still confined to the sofa. However, she will be well enough by the time that we weigh anchor for Leghorn. Could you not arrange with the Captain to *approach* Lerici, & fire, or send up a rocket for a signal, & we would instantly come alongside.—Or must we wait until the promises of a merchantman conduct you to Leghorn?

Lord Byron, I hear, is in a state of supernatural fever about some lying memoirs published of him. You will see him before I shall, & as you have the faculty of eliciting from any given person the greatest possible quantity of good they are capable of yielding, all will go well. We shall soon meet. Adieu, my best friend. Kiss Marianne for me, & believe me

Ever yours,

S.

Mind you make no mistake about calling on Guebhard & Co. I send the bill to them to get negotiated ready for you, as there are seven days sight on it—

I send a *note to prevent any mistake*.

Should you be still detained at Genoa, I will meet you *there*.

Write by return of Post.

(Stamped:) Sarzana (and) Genoa. Giu. 26.

(Addressed:) Leigh Hunt, Esqr., Gentiluomo Inglese, Leghorn. (And further stamped:) Luigio.

(Endorsed in another hand:) Taken up & forwarded by Yr. Hbl. Servt. Ira S. Whitney. 28 June.

The letter, written within a fortnight of his untimely end, is alive with that large-hearted generosity and utter self-abandonment in friendship of which Shelley stands as an example, almost without peer among the English poets. At the very moment of his deep anxiety over Hunt's financial unsoundness, and unreliability in the execution of ordinary business transactions (cf. 'Mind you make no mistake about calling on Guebhard & Co.'), he yet declares himself so eager

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to greet the new incumbrance that he must have some notice, by rocket or gun, of the precise moment of Hunt's passing Lerici. The 'lying memoirs' of Byron to which Shelley refers were, Dr. Garnett informs us, the work of one John Watkins, and were published in 1822 under the title: 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron, with Some of his Contemporaries.'

LIFE, LETTERS AND THE ARTS

OPERA IN EUROPE

In spite of political and economic vicissitudes, the musical life of Vienna still goes on, though not quite at its old pace.. The two operas, headed by Strauss and Weingartner respectively, are crowded at every performance and the concerts are equally popular, many of them being sold out far in advance.

The Staats-Oper, which is still under the control of the state, is directed by Strauss, although the cost of living compels him to supplement his earnings by visiting other countries professionally, as otherwise his government salary would be wholly inadequate. Other conductors take his place during his absences and the system of give-and-take does not seem to affect the artistic quality of the productions. In fact, there is more difficulty in securing singers than conductors, for the inroads of American operatic managers upon the ranks of foreign singers continue.

The repertory is not much affected. National lines are no more drawn than before the war and the impressarios venture upon very few novelties. The only new production at the Staats-Oper is a new work by Korngold, the child composer of the days before the war, who is now a mature musician of some twenty-three years. His latest work, *The Dead City* is based on Rodenbach's novel, *Le Mirage*. The opera exhibits Korngold's remarkable command of tone in his treatment of the orchestra and has much music which is admirably singable, although the youthful composer at times shows varied influences—Puccini, Strauss, and Meyerbeer. The principal singers at the premiere were Oestwig, a Scandinavian tenor who is said to combine great vocal and dramatic ability with a fine stage presence, and Madame Jeritza, whom Vladimir Cernicoff declares to be possessed of 'one of the finest soprano voices I have heard for years.'

Within three weeks seventeen operas were performed, including works by Mozart, Wagner, Puccini, Massenet, Gounod, and Herr Strauss himself. Among the singers who are attracting attention are Bertha Kiurina, a beautiful singer of Mozart's music, Piccaver, an American tenor who specializes in Puccini, Richard Mayer, a genuine basso-profundo, and Gutheil Schoder, who has been singing Carmen and Salome.

La Scala at Milan is being practically rebuilt at a cost of 6,000,000 lire. The stage, roof, and artists' dressing rooms are to be wholly new, and large rooms for the chorus singers are to be added. Although 250 workmen have been employed since last August, the alterations are so extensive that no operas can be produced before next December, when the winter season will be given over principally to new operas.

In the meantime, the Paris Opera

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is in such financial straits that it has even been proposed to hold moving-picture shows on certain afternoons each week. The finances of the Republic are in such a bad way that it is quite out of the question to look to the government for an increase in subsidy. At present, however, it does not seem likely that the 'movie shows' will be given—not because Paris recoils from the profanation but because it is feared that the proportions of the theatre would dwarf even the most ambitious film production.

SHAKESPEARE IN ARABIAN

A company of strolling players from Egypt have been presenting an Arabian version of *Romeo and Juliet* in a theatre in the European quarter of Tunis. Although Shakespeare has been translated into many tongues and presented on many foreign stages, his plays have seldom been more curiously distorted. The blood feud between the Capulets and Montagues, of course, agreed with the best Arab tradition. The action of the piece unrolled itself in due and decorous order. Juliet and her nurse, Romeo and Friar Laurence, Mercutio and Benvolio and Tybalt—they were all there.

Unfortunately, the native *regisseur* found it necesary to adapt the text to the traditions of the Arab theatre, which, needless to say, differ somewhat from those of the west. In the popular literature of the east, a declaration of love is conventionally expressed in song, and the observance of this convention constrained Romeo and Paris to interrupt their lines ever and anon to break into the curiously plaintive Oriental chants without accompaniment, which to European ears do not differ greatly from the amazing succession of nasals and gutturals of the native street peddlers.

The scenes which have the strongest popular appeal were the duels and the love scenes. A dolorous love song, which took the place of the famous lines

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,

and which was sung by 'Romeo' to 'Shoulit', won thunderous applause.

Although the troupe was reputed to be the best of its sort in the East, the Europeans in its audience were unable to make much even of those portions of the play which most closely resembled western drama. Naturally the conventional ideas of Mohammedan countries have hitherto forbidden the appearance of women upon the stage, precisely as in Shakespeare's England. Of late years, however, this convention has been breaking down and the troupe at Tunis boasted a few actresses. They were timid, with feeble voices, and naturally without much theatrical training. In dialogues with men they invariably permitted the actor to dominate the scene. It is a little difficult to imagine just how, under the circumstances, the old nurse was presented.

Notwithstanding all its shortcomings, the company pleased its audiences. It continues to give a performance each Thursday morning, the day preceding the Mohammedan Sabbath. As in the Elizabethan theatre the audience is almost entirely composed of men, although there is one gallery where women may see the play without themselves being seen. Except for a few rough adaptations from the *Thousand and One Nights,* which have no intrinsic value in themselves, whether literary or dramatic, the repertoire is almost entirely made up of European plays of the romantic period, ranging from Schiller to Dumas.

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[*The Spectator*]

SENTINEL SONG

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

AFTER the silence
The twilight deepens,
After the twilight
The silence deepens.

And darkness and silence
Over desert and mountain
Distill on all creatures
Thick dew, softest slumber.

"Ah, Twilight! Twilight,
Hasten! I long for
Deep sleep, complete darkness,
Nothingness, silence."

Hush, heart have patience;
He knows, Who the Day-Watch
And Night-Watch ordaineth,
How much or little
The heart sustaineth.

Abide the vigil,
Though seeming distant,
Where sun most smiteth,
Night is most sudden,
Twilight is sweetest,
Dark sleep deepest,
Silence completest.

[*London Times*]

THE CLOUD

BY PERCY HASELDEN

A cloud that capped the fir-clad hill
Changed fitfully to countless shapes,
Now clustered like a bunch of grapes,
Now like a face that threatened ill.

And once, when gilded by the sun,
A palace rose with sparkling domes,
Then vanished, and a troupe of gnomes
Danced on the tree-tops one by one.

And then an Alpine glacier,
Intent to carve the world below,
Loomed o'er the wood, and whirling snow
Shrouded and slew each pointed fir.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

EASTER HYMN IN THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MODE

BY "NULLOS"

[These metres are based on those used in fifteenth-century Mystery Plays,. The narrative style and Latin refrains are both typical of fifteenth-century hymns.]

In Lenten, when smal briddes syng
And al thyng murie be,
Thre holi wommen cam wepying
And spycis in ther handys bryng
T' anoynt ther lordys buryyng—
Sed resurrexit hodie.

An Aungell met hem atte doore—
A tayle of mirthe tolde he:
'Youre lorde lyeth her namore—
'To Galile he goth bifore:
'Reioyceth the, Mari, therfor—
'Quia surrexit hodie.'

The holi wommen yon yfere
Syngyng to Galile:
Thei meten Johan and eke Peter
Forth wendyng to the sepullcere:
'Cristus is risn, he is not her,
'Quia surrexit hodie.'

O who shal syng of manys blis,
His merthe and iolte,
To heren tydying lyk to this?
Syngeth, with angell mynstrellis,
'Prays God to whom the glorye is—
'Christus surrexit hodie.'
Deo gratias. Alleluia.

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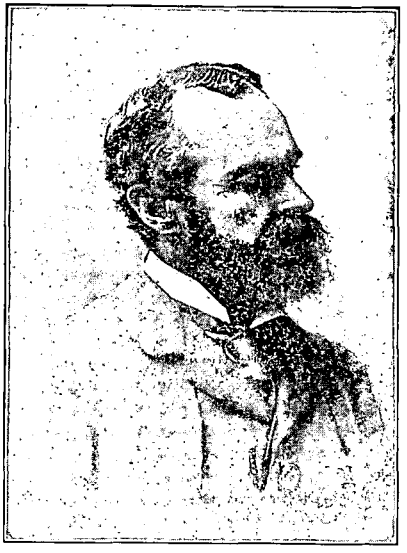

To William Dean Howells.

. . . I have been reading your "Indian Summer" and it has given me about as exquisite a kind of delight as anything I ever read in my life, in the line to which it belongs. How you tread the narrow line of nature's truth so infallibly is more than I can understand. Then the profanity, the humor, the humanity, the morality — the everything! In short, 't is cubical, and set it up any way you please 't will stand. . . . But I won't discriminate or analyze. This is only meant for an inarticulate cry of viva Howells. I repeat it: long live Howells! God grant you may do as good things again! I don't believe you can do better.

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